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of battle with both hands; and now, naturally, the poor devils are resentful and impatient to grab where they may. The case of the Japanese imperialists is different. They sucked steadily at the udder of international calamity for four long years, and deserve no particular sympathy.

THE position of the French imperialists enlists even more commiseration when one reads the statement of the Minister of Finance, 29 March, that the total of governmental expenses for 1920 would come to more than fifty billion francs, with a deficit of eight billion francs. "Foreign treasuries are closed to us," he added, "and we can not consider the possibility of raising an important loan abroad." The French Government is brought squarely up to the necessity which it has dodged so long, of taxing its horde of small-holding landed proprietors. But these, as everywhere, are the backbone of Toryism and their exemption has so far purchased the Government's immunity from revolution. Hence it is highly hazardous to stir them up, and yet the Government must somehow have the money. One can not sufficiently admire the splendid intrepidity of a man who would take the portfolio of French finance under these circumstances. If bravery be what counts, it is M. François-Marsal and not Foch who should get acclamations and memorials, and review parades, and have streets named after him.

CURRENT COMMENT.

FIRST France, then Japan; first the Ruhr region, then Vladivostock. Thus do these enlightened Governments, representative of what Mr. Wilson is fond of calling "the civilized world," count possession as ten points of the law. Will the other Allies take any effective action against their refractory colleagues? Hardly. Uncle Sam and John Bull have already shaken their venerable heads in grave disapproval, but what more can they do about it?

WELL, what? Send an army to oust them? One somehow does not see Thomas Atkins going into action with any great enthusiasm on a proposal, say, to dislodge the French from the Ruhr district; and with taxes as high as they are, and an election coming on, an American expedition would not be notably popular in this country. Why not, then, employ the embargo and blockade? English and American commercial interests, already pretty restless under the rather substantial remnants of trade-restrictions that still exist, would send up a cry of pain that could be heard in the moon. So it is a fair guess that the French and Japanese are there to stay.

HERE, of course, is where we miss the League of Nations. If the rambunctious Senate, "that strange body," as Lord Robert Cecil calls it, had only accepted the treaty and let us operate under the League of Nations as a real going concern, how different all this would be! Why, one can just fairly see those English and American soldiers galloping into action, and the English and American commercial interests demanding the blockade, and the English and American peoples insisting on paying the bills! The League of Nations, under these circumstances, would make all hands sweat alacrity from every pore. The Germans have already appealed to the paper-organization bearing that name; which makes one wonder how they ever got the name of being an unhumorous people. The League of Nations, as it now stands, rather reminds one of Artemus Ward's description of the Confederate Army after Lee's surrender, as "consistin' of Kirby Smith, eight mules, and a bass drum."

No one blames the French imperialists greatly. They nearly bled their country to death in their mad passion for loot, and got but little out of it. England did them in the eye over territorial apportionments and transactions in international finance, and raked in the rewards

DURING the early and comparatively peaceful days of the armistice, editors and other people of that sort were given to predicting that French and British interests would clash when the future of Germany came to be discussed at the Peace Conference—as it was then called. It was thought, quite reasonably as it then seemed, that France, as Germany's heaviest creditor, would desire the re-development of German industry and commerce as the only possible means of insuring the payment of the indemnity. On the other hand, it was expected that England would bring in a programme of repressive measures designed permanently to exclude German goods from markets lost during the war. Logically and in theory, this double prophecy is as sound to-day as it ever was; and it has even come true in part. But somehow or other, in the course of recent months, France and England have swapped masks, and now it is the latter country that plays the generous rôle towards a one-time competitor, while France seems intent upon reducing a struggling debtor to complete and permanent insolvency.

THIS action on the part of the French Government will appear astonishing only to those people who believe that governments are capable of acting consistently and intelligently in the interest of the classes they represent. The French Government is singularly incapable of acting in this fashion, as has been well enough proven by its domestic financial policy during and since the war. A prosperous Germany might be able to pay indemnities that would keep even the French fiscal system afloat for a while longer. But by the strictness of her enforcement of the military terms of the treaty, France is pushing Germany farther and farther towards complete ruin, and is thus making impossible the enforcement of the one condition which is of paramount importance to the stability of the French Government. It is interesting to note that up to the very day of the French occupation of Frankfort, the Berlin papers were still using the old

argument that France would not kill the goose that was expected to lay the golden egg. But the Moroccans, the Senegalese, and the tanks go rolling on just the same. And the task of preserving the German mechanism of government and production as a collection-agency for the Allies becomes day by day more thankless. A goose indeed—to go on laying eggs under such uncommonly hard conditions!

MEANWHILE that the imperialists are diligently working at their vocation of imperialism, they are by no means neglecting their avocation of revolution-breeding. What ails them, anyway? Everyone supposed that as soon as they got things nicely in their own hands, and all effective opposition was dissipated or suffocated, they would ease up a bit and not crowd the mourners so desperately hard. But they keep on shoving and nagging and grabbing without respite, and altogether are making an impolitic display. Some papers have propounded the odd notion that Lenin is financing all creation's discontent. It may be, but one hardly sees why, if he had the wit he was born with, he should pay good money for what the imperialists and their henchmen, the Sweets and Lucks and Palmers, seem so eager to do for nothing.

It looks as though the Wisconsin electorate agreed with President Wilson that Senator La Follette was about right in his estimate of the war's causes as economic and commercial. The Senator spoke out at a time when speaking out counted; the President, at a time when it made no particular difference. It is right to be honest, if you choose your time; the trouble with Senator La Follette has been his wretched habit of being honest all the time. La Follette has been more or less under a cloud since he got himself branded as a traitor for opposing armed neutrality, the declaration of war, and the espionage and draft acts. By adding to this damaging record a stiff fight for financing the war by taxation, he gave the press its uncensored way with him for three whole years. But the country at large has had a sober second thought upon all these matters, and may well be on its way to conclude that the Senator's foresight was about as good as its own hindsight.

THE La Follette programme, just carried in Wisconsin, is very explicit. It calls for the restoration of civil rights, the abolition of injunctions in labour disputes, and "such legislation as may be needful and helpful in promoting direct co-operation and eliminating waste, speculation, and excessive profits between producer and consumer." It also calls for ultimate public ownership of railways and all monopolies, "and all natural resources, the private ownership of which is the basis of private monopoly." In respect of this last statement, the programme deserves the severest possible criticism. The basis of private monopoly is not the private ownership of natural resources; far from it. It is private ownership of the *rent* of natural resources, a wholly different thing. It is extremely unfortunate that so able and admirable a man as Senator La Follette should have chosen this time and occasion to abet the inveterate confusion that exists between the concepts of communal ownership of natural resources and communal ownership of economic rent.

THE expected affiliation of the railway Brotherhoods with the American Federation of Labour is, of course, highly significant; but there is no agreement just yet as to what it signifies. Mr. Gompers, they say, is rejoicing over the thought that the conservative element in the Federation is about to be strengthened by the addition of some 500,000 aristocrats of labour. Why Mr. Gompers considers the railwaymen conservative it is not easy to understand—unless it is on the theory that people who are getting so much under the regime of business-as-usual will not disturb the balance by reaching for more. Of course the facts are all against this sort of reasoning.

It was not the out-cast and under-fed I. W. W.'s, but the respectable Brotherhoods that gave corporation-finance in this country its first real thrill. And the Brotherhoods did not accomplish this by a strike for wages, but by proposing the elimination of private monopolistic control over the country's transportation. There is no point in attempting at this late day to criticize the Brotherhoods' plan for the public ownership and tripartite control of the railways. Whether it was good or bad, it was certainly something new in the history of respectable unionism, for it not only sent the four Brotherhoods into action as a single industrial union, but it demanded for labour a voice in management. Mr. Gompers has consistently refused to say just what he thinks of these little novelties. He must know that their acceptance by the A. F. of L. means the final abandonment of craft unionism and collective bargaining as the ultimate goal of the American labour movement. He must know this—and yet somehow or other he has persuaded himself that the annexation of the Brotherhoods is a victory for conservatism. If Mr. Gompers and his friends believe that they can strain out the Plumb Plan before they swallow the Brotherhoods, they are, so to speak, fooling themselves. Whatever they may say about it, they are actually trying to stall off gray senility by taking a wee drop from the radical fountain of youth.

It is indeed unfortunate that just as Mr. Gompers was on the point of stretching his creaky principles a bit to the left for the purpose of including all the railwaymen of the country in the circle of the Federation, some thousands of trainmen should swing far out into the region of outlaw strikes and the One Big Union. But this is just the sort of thing that is always happening to centrist organizations like the Federation. Doctrines, Federationist and other, have to be spread pretty thin to cover a great lot of people; and just at the moment when the job is nicely completed, somebody flies out from under the edge—and the business of accommodation has to be started all over again. This is just what has happened time after time in religion, in politics, in the field of every activity that really arouses human interest. Nor is there any reason to believe that the One Big Union, if and when it comes to maturity, will be the *one* big union for more than a day or two. . . . In unity, they say, there is strength. But in extension there is also some little weakness.

PEOPLE who suffer pangs of domestic distress at each new rise in the price of cotton cloth are not generally much concerned with the state of the jewel market. Yet cotton is actually exchangeable for diamonds, and certain very interesting things happen when this exchange takes place on a large scale. But to begin at the beginning: The cotton exports of the United States for February, 1920, showed an increase of thirty per cent in weight and 100 per cent in value over the exports of this article for the same month a year ago. For our present purposes it does not make a penny's worth of difference where these good bales went. As far as the markets of this country were concerned, they disappeared. In exchange for them, and for the rest of our exports, we received goods; and we received also money and securities, which together constitute the gold-brick that goes always to the holder of "a favourable balance of trade." The exportation of cotton reduced the domestic supply, and raised the price of this particular product. The importation of money and its equivalents increased the volume of the medium of exchange and raised the price of everything. But the importation of goods—did that not operate to increase the supply of certain articles and to lower their prices? The answer is partly yes, mostly no; yes, for the economists—yes-and-no for the people who are really discomforted by the rise in prices incident to the exportation of cotton and the importation of money. The reason for this mixed answer is handsomely

set forth in a report of the National City Bank. According to this statement, our imports from Europe for the month of February, 1920, amounted to \$107,000,000 as against \$30,000,000 for the same month last year:

The articles composing this increase . . . are chiefly luxuries—diamonds from the Netherlands; silks and laces and high-grade cotton manufactures from France and England; olive-oil from Italy, . . . and so forth.

If the hard-up householder wants more consolation, he can find it in the latest report of the Collector of the Port of New York. We have this gentleman's word for it that all customs-collection records were surpassed last month. The quality of imports was of the best too, for:

A check kept by the local offices on the amount of precious stones in the world shows the United States now has more than two-thirds of the precious stones in both hemispheres.

This speaks well for the delicacy of American taste and the soundness of American prosperity. And it is always pleasant to be reminded that there is a balance in all things: if one must pay dearly for a cotton dress, the diamond brooch that goes with it may be had at a very reasonable figure.

WHATEVER may be the specific results of the exchange of cotton bales for diamond brooches, Foreign Trade, in the large oratorical sense, is a grand thing for the country. And it is Foreign Trade that is to benefit by the Edge Act, which authorizes the Federal incorporation of institutions to engage in international banking, and permits national banks, firms, and individuals, as well as corporations in general, to invest in the stocks of these institutions. According to Governor Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, the law has a double purpose. In the first place it will enable American corporations to assist in the reconstruction of Europe; and, what is more significant, it will make possible the development of an elaborate mechanism for the financing of our commerce overseas. This sounds well, but it is safe to say that any corporation that attempts to serve both purposes will develop neurotic dualism in its most painful form.

THE double possibilities of the Edge Law have been defined with such sharpness by Mr. John W. McHugh, chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Marine Finance of the American Bankers' Association, that it is hard to see how this gentleman could have missed the force of his own remarks. In a recent report to the Association, Mr. McHugh submits tentative plans for the formation of a corporation, capitalized at \$100,000,000, for the sole purpose of "maintaining and still further developing foreign markets for American products." From the point of view of American manufacturers, this is an admirable objective. However, these gentlemen may not be so much pleased with Mr. McHugh's reconstruction-plans.

The corporation's energies [he says] should be devoted to helping foreign peoples help themselves. It should assist them in financing the purchase chiefly of raw materials and equipment with which to put their people to work so that in proper time when those foreigners have converted the raw material into finished articles we, in common with others, can become the purchasers of them, which will immediately commence to regulate our prices here at home and enable us to gradually work back to a pre-war normal condition.

In other words, the corporation's immediate aim will be to defeat its ultimate aim. Its first object is, not to find foreign markets for American goods, but to set foreign factories to work again and bring their products into our own markets. From the point of view of the American consumer, this is indeed an admirable undertaking. But one feels somehow that the American Manufacturers will not take kindly to this little proposal of the American Bankers. And for that reason as much as any other, one is inclined to think that the proposal

to build up foreign industry to the everlasting benefit of the American consumer will die young—or be guillotined of all its good qualities by the tariff.

THE peace-resolution seems to have a good chance of passage, so the newspapers say—with no sign of the heroic effort they must have made to keep their faces straight when they said it. A good chance?—well, rather. Whenever Republican-Democratic political government lets a hang-over like our state of war with Germany infringe upon a presidential campaign, the public may conclude that its managers need a guardian. The public may note with interest, however, that the resolution will go through at the eleventh hour; and then only, like everything else that political government ever does for the public good, under the pressure of grinding necessity. A non-political and administrative government would have passed it seventeen months ago.

THE politically-minded—that is to say, those who believe that politics are of importance to the citizen and that the economics of society must get their final expression through politics—may find profit to their spirit in a contemplation of the delectable state of things prevailing at the time this issue goes to press; and still more profit in asking themselves just how any conceivable turn of politics could make it better or worse, or affect it in any way whatever. When all the king's horses and all the king's men can not transport a single commuter to Jersey City or a ton of freight anywhere, what difference does it make in the premises whether one man or another be nominated for the Presidency? Economic forces obviously control our well-being; whole hordes of marooned and uncomfortable Jerseymen will take oath to it at this moment, and also to their impression that the perfervid utterances of candidates and platform-makers have an exceedingly remote and indefinite bearing upon those forces. When economic organization once decides to show its power, what does it really matter, as Mr. Dooley said, "which wan iv th' distinguished boonco-steerers gets th' binifit iv ye'er impeeryal franchise?"

If this reflection on the character of political government seems severe, there is an easy way to test it. We have all been noticing the fate of the welfare-bills in the Assembly at Albany. According to the highest authority, they have no chance this session. Very well. Take any measure of real advantage to the public, a conservation-bill, a labour-bill, no matter what, and bring it before any legislature, parliament, senate, duma, reichstag, or chamber of deputies, in the world; and observe the kind of time you have in getting consideration for it, and what becomes of it after it has had consideration—consideration on its merits, that is, without adventitious support. Then bring before the same body a measure of real advantage to privilege, a water-power bill, a war-bill, a land-grab, or a railway-bill like the fragrant and lovely Esch-Cummins measure that slipped through the Congress in almost record-time; and make the same observations. If the experience does not breed some searching questions about the nature and the primary function of political government, nothing will.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A THIRD PARTY.

THE assertion, so often made with an air of finality, that a third party was never successful in this country, is not very significant, for the answer obviously is to construct a third party which shall succeed. There is much talk now of a venture in this line. A labour party, indeed, has been organized; and the Committee of Forty-eight, in spite of the best efforts of some of its more influential members to keep it from such a fate, seems also to be tending inevitably towards political organization. This was doubtless to be expected; a good deal of its constituency is derived from the detritus of the old Progressive party, and has carried over into the new movement the invincible faith in political organization that characterized the Progressives, and a corresponding obduracy towards the suggestion of a different function for the Committee. There may be a sort of working fusion or set of traffic-arrangements effected among the Committee, the new Labour party, and the Non-partisan League; but what sort of showing this will finally make, remains to be seen.

There are many groups in the country that are seriously disaffected towards Republican-Democratic bipartisanship; some on economic grounds and some on political grounds. The agrarians, for example, and labour, and a large number of salaried persons who have a severe struggle to make both ends meet—these, with the Socialists, are disaffected upon economic grounds. The Germans, Irish and Scandinavians are disaffected upon political grounds; while still another voting group that is disaffected upon both economic and political grounds is the Negroes. If these could be brought together into measurable agreement upon as simple and inclusive a platform as possible—say, of civil rights, natural-resource monopoly and public ownership—the combination would be strong enough, as this paper has already said once or twice, to lay down an issue which Republican-Democratic bipartisanship would be compelled to recognize. In fact, it would probably be strong enough to compel Republican-Democratic bipartisanship to abandon its usual entertaining Punch-and-Judy semblance of opposition and coalesce openly behind some candidate like Mr. Hoover, for example, on a platform of good house-keeping or something of the kind. This would probably be a great advantage; though whether as great as some imagine, or productive of as much immediate benefit in the regeneration of national politics, is open to great doubt. Falling in, however, with other tendencies now manifesting themselves in public affairs, it would have considerable educational value, and perhaps be worth the trouble.

But it may be quite safely predicted that no such effective amalgamation will be brought about; for the special interests of each group predominate with that group, and the identity of fundamental interest with those of other groups is not yet apprehended. The farmer, for instance, has at present no idea that his fundamental economic interest is the same as that of the artisan, and hence it would be extremely hard to induce him not to clutter up his programme with all sorts of superficial and divisive expressions of his special interest. The same is true, doubtless, of labour and of all the others. No one within those groups has as yet come forward with a sufficiently broad generalization of their political or economic de-

mands; nor is there as yet any sign of such a formulation forthcoming. In all probability, therefore, there will be no unanimity among these groups sufficient to erect them into a respectable political force. For those who are hopefully contemplating a third party, there is profit to the spirit in recalling Mr. Dooley's description of the Populist convention, where "part iv them was in favour iv coinin' money out iv baled hay an' dhried apples at a ratio iv sixteen to wan, an' some was in favour iv coinin' on'y th' apples."

In other words, a significant political movement can only arise out of a pretty highly enlightened economic and political intelligence among the people. It can not be produced out of hand by any amount of devotion, any attraction of personal leadership, any severity of grievance, or any effort of mere genius for organization. One would think that if any group on earth should be acutely aware of this, it would be the remnant of the old Progressives. They had their popular leader, they had their organization; they had no end of enthusiasm and devotion; and they had a grievance. Yet with all this, and with the prestige of the pious, most hymn-singingest convention ever held in Chicago, the Progressive party promptly went to pot; and it would have gone to pot just as promptly if its programme had been fifty times sounder and a hundred times more nearly fundamental than it was—no doubt, more promptly. The reason was that they thought leadership, devotion, organization, a programme and a grievance were enough; and they are not enough. It is a besetting weakness of our politically-minded spirits of the reforming type always to think that these are enough; and they are never enough. Nothing will produce a salutary political effect except as it is bottomed on an enlightened economic and political intelligence in the people themselves; and the long, difficult and ungrateful task of cultivating this intelligence is not found attractive, even by the most profound believers in political action. It may be said that the launching of the Progressive party was a factor in this very process of education; that the launching of a third party at this juncture would be an important factor in it. Probably quite so; and therefore the third party movement is always to be spoken of with respect, even while one is putting oneself on guard against any illusions about it. The only question is whether the same outlay of time, money and energy, otherwise applied, would not accomplish greater and more lasting results. The third party seems a cumbrous and expensive mechanism for doing an educational work that might be done far more cheaply and effectively in another way.

And after all, it must be remembered that once an enlightened intelligence is established, the course of politics will change to correspond with it, no matter what party or administration may be in power; and without that established intelligence, no party or administration can change its course. Indeed, the most disquieting reflection about the *raison d'être* of a third party is that if by some chance it came into power next March, it would act precisely as Republican-Democratic bipartisanship acts. If Mr. Hillquit or Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Frazier or Mr. Duncan McDonald were made President tomorrow, and the whole Congress were picked from the Committee of Forty-eight, we should have precisely the same kind of administration that we now have; because there is not a sufficiently enlightened economic intelligence in the electorate to enable the acceptance of such fundamental changes as they would wish to make. How little it

matters—how very little—what kind of administration is in power, and how strange that we should keep on attaching significance to the effort to pull down one and set up another!

Richard Cobden never went into politics, resolutely refused to hold office although repeatedly invited to do so, and instead went over the length and breadth of England explaining the fundamental philosophy of free-trade, the identity of fundamental economic interest subsisting among all classes of the English people. He met the local landlord on the platform, debated with him, confronted him with his tenant, showed their mutual economic relations and common economic interest. A Manchester manufacturer himself, he followed a similar course with his fellow-industrialists of the Midlands. He thus developed an educated economic and political consciousness in the people of England, with the result that, finally, the Government of Sir Robert Peel had to come to him and eat out of his hand, though it fairly made their teeth ache to do it. Any Government would have done as Peel's did, and for the same reason, the only reason that ever inclines a Government favourably towards its people—necessity.

Some of us hoped that those burnt children, the Progressives, dreading the fire, would have carried the Committee of Forty-eight into a work like that of Cobden and the Anti-Corn-Law League. Their action at St. Louis gave ground for that hope. But without being improperly personal to the Committee, it can be pointed out that this work remains to be done and until it is done, no very profound or worthy significance can attach to a third party. If the Committee could undertake the work of showing, by Cobden's method, that their St. Louis platform of civil rights, natural-resource monopoly and public ownership is fundamental (as it unquestionably is) to every disaffected element in the country and to all alike—if it could show that every subsidiary item in the programmes of special interests would follow automatically—it would perform a much more substantial service than by any conceivable amount of political organization.

THE SPIRIT OF 'SEVENTY-SIX.

SOME of our friends, including many of the liberal persuasion, have gotten themselves a good deal worked up in the past four years over what seems to them a great apathy and abeyance of the American spirit. They have complained bitterly about the country's servile tolerance of various usurpations, indignities and outrages perpetrated upon it by our Government, and have come to the conclusion that America is not what it used to be, that its spirit is degenerate, its traditions overlain and suffocated, and that we are altogether in a sad way. They point to our meek acceptance of a war which only a very small minority wanted; to our tameness under conscription, under a ruthless confiscation of opinion, a commandeering of conscience, a suppression of our Constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly; to our weak and culpable patience with the autocratic assumptions of the Executive and his subordinates in the bureaucracy; and they conclude that we are getting about what we deserve, and that as we seem to be joined to our idols, there is nothing to do but let us alone.

It appears permissible now to doubt this. Up to the present, no question, the modern Jeremiah has had everything on his side in the realm of apparent fact. He cried aloud and spared not, but nobody paid much attention. He was against the war, but the rest of us

silently acquiesced. He was for resisting the draft, but the rest of us accepted it quietly and without demonstration. He made a fuss about the slacker-raids, the cruelties practiced on political prisoners and conscientious objectors, the raiding of meetings and newspaper-offices; the rest of us made no fuss. He insistently proclaimed that the war-aims of the Allies were not what they purported to be—that the war was only a collision of imperialist interests, and that our part in the war was but the ignoble one of a catspaw and dupe; and the rest of us gave no apparent heed. Undoubtedly, up to the present time, the burden of proof for a more robust faith in the essential integrity of the American people has rested upon those who had it. In the face of appearances, there has been very little indeed that one could adduce out of the public conduct of Americans to justify such a faith.

But now, in looking back over the situation, and especially in surveying the highly interesting developments of the present, those who have always obstinately clung to a fundamental belief in our people, can begin to smarten up a little and find something to say by way of reassurance to our despondent friends. After all, a civilization has two modes of dealing with public abuses. One is the Ironside mode, or John Brown mode, which conceives of each specific abuse as demanding specific resistance and remedy. This is the mode of the reformer or the rebel. There is also the mode of the radical or revolutionary, slower and less concerned with the immediate and the specific, which lets everything have a chance to happen until it is all done happening, and then sets to work upon the net result in its totality. A country always has the option between these two modes; it can always accept the reformer or the radical, the rebel or the revolutionary. Usually it has taken the reformer and rebel; not infrequently, by rejecting the radical and revolutionary, it has had the reformer and rebel forced upon it; and then, in the long-run it has discovered that the choice has landed it in a very bad condition from which there is no prospect of release except by the way of the radical and revolutionary whom it rejected. France, for example, rejected the radical Turgot, and within a generation was forced to take the rebel Robespierre; the result, in the long-run, was Delcassé, Pichon, Clemenceau; and she has no possible hope of recovery except by way of return to the radical Turgot. Similarly, the United States refused the radical Jefferson and was compelled to take John Brown, and the consequence, in the long-run, is the great debacle of the Wilson Administration; and the only and obvious hope of re-emergence lies by way of return to the radical Jefferson. Is it not possible that in all that our despondent friends complain of, the self-preserving instinct of the people was at work? May not our apathy have been the mere disposition to wait, to take full observation and make up our mind, to go a little slowly about entrusting ourselves to the leadership of the reforming rebel, no matter how right his contentions and how spotless his integrity? May not our inaction and acquiescence have been determined by the instinct, the mere instinct, that the occasion demanded the exercise of a social philosophy far beyond mere protest and rebellion, and that the fullness of time was required to establish that philosophy and make it function effectively? There is at least a little evidence that this may be so.

Mr. Wilson had his way throughout the war, without let or hindrance. During the crucial time of his Administration, the people had but one opportunity to

express themselves through the ballot. They repudiated him whole-heartedly; but they let it go at that, and he went his way. Silently and patiently they let him work himself out of influence, out of friendship, out of respect, out of a job, until today there is no more unconsidered and neglected figure in the world. But this is a small matter. The important thing is that he has most appropriately carried with him into his obscurity the popular faith in parliamentary institutions and political organization. The people have turned from the reformer's notion of political organization to the revolutionary concept of economic organization; and they are working most effectively for the discredit of politics by turning its pretensions into ridicule. Mr. Palmer enjoins the coal-miners; Governor Allen carries his measure for the conscription of labour in Kansas. There is no protest, no fuss; the voice of John Brown is not heard even in Osawatimie. But when the time comes, the miners leave their work. The Plumb Plan dies and the unconscionable Esch-Cummins bill becomes law; and not a sound is heard. But within a month, traffic stops overnight; and for no apparent reason. One of the very funniest things that has lately turned up to refresh a rather drab world, is the naive bewilderment of the railway-officials and the newspapers in the present emergency. Manager after manager has declared that he can not find out what the railwaymen want or get them to say a word, or even discover a responsible representative to talk to. As to the papers, the following, for example, from an editorial headed "The Mystery of the Contraband Strike" is a great exhibit of their infatuated perplexity:

Why is the strike of the railroad switchmen? What do they want? Who is behind it? Where are its spokesmen and what have they to say in explanation or defence of it? So far, this apparently wanton assault on decency and order remains a total mystery. It came almost like lightning out of a clear sky. It has spread in some secret, ununderstood way like influenza or other virulent disease. It has apparently no leaders, no representatives; if it has an organization it is afraid or ashamed to show it in the open. The whole movement seems to be as furtive as it is unscrupulous.

But the thing is very simple. The railwaymen are just people, just folks, just like the rest of us. They have been done in by the Government, done in by their labour-leaders, they are tired of it, and instead of using rebel-reformer's methods of violence and protest, they are using the irresistible power of economic organization. They are not taking their grievance into politics; they have had enough of that. They are quite content with showing political organization, as the phrase goes, where it gets off.

This sort of thing is worth noticing; and it will be increasingly worth noticing as time goes on towards the campaign this summer, and the election this autumn. It is not impossible, not perhaps wholly visionary, to believe that the spirit of 'seventy-six, the hatred of tyranny and oppression, the high devotion to liberty which is traditional with us, is not as apathetic as our despondent friends suppose, but that it has simply changed its method of approach. It may have learned that the method of the rebel-reformer costs more than it comes to, that violence never really achieves anything permanently good or satisfactory, and that the revolutionary method of free co-operation and of highly integrated economic organization upon a co-operative basis, will best secure its ends. It may have had the instinct to reserve its strength, instead of expending it on a redress of specific grievances, until the time came to employ it in direct dealing with the fetish of the State and its power. The notion may

be fantastic and imaginary, and no one would claim too much for it at present. Still, it is worth consideration as a possibility, and without being utterly carried away with it as an absolute theory of current developments, one may perhaps occasionally get a little light from it upon their interpretation.

THE ENDURING BOURBON.

SENATOR FRANCE of Maryland, who seems to be a *lusus naturae* in the Senate and has often given evidence of being caught in queer company, made a speech to his colleagues that for one reason or another—space-considerations, likely—was not reported very fully in the daily press. In the course of it he said:

You have condemned Bolshevism for its confiscation of real and personal property, but you have supported the worst Bolshevism, which robs men of their real and personal rights! Confiscation of property affects only the few, while the robbery of personal liberty impoverishes all. . . . I demand an end to this taxing of the people to pay swarms of Federal spies, agents and special officers, who may become parasites, blackmailers, sappers of political morality and a menace of liberty.

If the Senator had changed the proper names in this speech, and substituted those of the period through which the English people struggled, say from 1760 to 1832, what he had to say would have fitted the conditions of that day like a poultice. The following indictment of our latter-day Bourbonism, for instance, might pass for a bit out of Chartist literature:

Under autocratic leadership the Democratic party has become apostate to Jefferson and, without scruple, voted such executive, legislative and judicial powers to the President that he has been created the most powerful despot in all the world. The Republican party has joined with the Bourbon reactionaries and connived in the setting up of this autocracy, which has been an utter repudiation of the Constitution and every principle of the Republic.

The most dangerous foes of popular government and liberty were not the autocratic Kaiser in his helmet and gold, and his armed myrmidons. They never had a chance to achieve final victory against our liberty. The really mortal enemies of our freedom were those false and faithless ones at home, who at her heart and into her very vitals struck treacherous and deadly blows.

The speech of Senator France is coincident with the publication of "The Skilled Labourer" (Longmans), the third part of a monumental work by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond; the first two parts having been published under the titles, "The Village Labourer," and "The Town Labourer." These works review the conditions of the English people during the period 1760—1832. Beginning with the depopulation of the countryside by enclosing the common fields and adding them to the estates of the ruling class, the authors take us through the bitter consequences of enclosure, revealed in the evils of the factory system, and on to the great struggle of the skilled workers in forming their trade-unions. The book is a cross-section of the most interesting portion of English history, and is of inestimable value to the student of economics. The following passage, taken from the introduction, would very well serve Senator France as a summary of his own subject:

Their rulers were becoming at the same time more and more preoccupied with the danger of yielding any point to their impatience. They sought to maintain every monopoly. . . . For they had come to look on civilization as depending on the undisputed leadership of this small class and on the bondage of the workers in the service of the new power by means of which they hoped to make and keep England the mistress of the commerce of the world. . . . Here were all the elements of a mortal struggle. And so we see on one side strikes, outbursts of violence, agitations, now for a

minimum wage, now for the right to combine, attempts, sometimes ambitious and far-sighted, to co-operate for mutual aid and mutual education, the pursuit from time to time of projects for the reform of Parliament: on the other, ministers and magistrates replying with the unhesitating and unscrupulous use of every weapon they can find: spies, *agents provocateurs*, military occupation, courts of justice used deliberately for the purposes of a class war, all the features of armed government where a garrison is holding its own in the midst of a hostile people. It is not surprising that a civil war in which such issues were disputed and such methods were employed was fierce and bitter at the time or that it left behind it implacable memories.

There is not one manifestation mentioned in this paragraph that is missing in our own day and country. We have our industrial spies, *agents provocateurs*, the use of the military and courts of justice in the service of privilege; arrests without warrant, imprisonment without trial, faked evidence, "all the features of armed government where a garrison is holding its own in the midst of a hostile people." Political government in our day has relied, as then, to a very great extent, indeed in the vast majority of cases, on evidence gathered by spies and *agents provocateurs*, on garbled reports of speeches, on the panic and hysteria industriously fomented by a mass of ill-informed persons whose judgment and discretion were in abeyance. Senator France's speech was certainly moderate in tone, so moderate as to show perhaps that he was unaware how completely he had the history of political government on the side of his contention. There is one chapter in "The Skilled Labourer," called "The Adventures of Oliver the Spy," that should be read by every member of every legislature in America. The whole of this horrible story is based on documents taken from the Home Office and the reports of the State trials. It is authentic, conclusive, established in every particular; and is perhaps the greatest indictment of the methods of political government that has ever been penned. It tells the story of a certain Mr. Oliver, *alias* Richards, *alias* Hollis, a Home Office spy, who was at the bottom of every so-called insurrectionary movement of the day. Lord Fitzwilliam, referring to events in Yorkshire, wrote to the Government then in power, saying:

There certainly is very generally in the country a strong and decided opinion that most of the events that have recently occurred in the country are to be attributed to the presence and active agitation of Mr. Oliver. He is considered as the main-spring, from which every movement has taken its rise.

This man went to work to incite discontented, disheartened, unhappy people, for the sole purpose of bringing them into conflict with a merciless government. In Derbyshire he performed his deadliest work:

Six of the prisoners had their death sentence commuted to various terms of imprisonment, three were transported for fourteen years, eleven, including Thomas Bacon and George Weightman, were transported for life. Jeremiah Brandreth, William Turner, and Isaac Ludlam were left for execution. . . . William Turner, in a manner described by Mr. Lockett as "malignant and deceitful," uttered as his last words, "This is the work of Government and Oliver."

Oliver's career is important in history because these methods of government were rapidly growing into a system. Probably no English Government has ever been quite so near, in spirit and licence, to the atmosphere that we used to associate with the Tsar's government of Russia as the Government that ruled England for the first few years of the peace. Oliver's adventures were the most daring example of methods that had become habitual in the treatment of the poor by several magistrates, but the employment of spies, and of the kind of spies that pass readily into *agents provocateurs*, had become very common in the last few years, as part of the political system; Tierney declared in 1818 that there was no subject that demanded the attention of Parlia-

ment so urgently. . . . The Whigs were in many respects as indifferent to the claims and conditions of the working classes as the Tories, but they had preserved the tradition of the Englishman's way of looking at this particular species of injustice. Men like Fitzwilliam, Grosvenor, Tierney, and Althorp, though they had the general point of view of their class, had a sense of honour that was revolted by the spectacle of wretched and ignorant men tempted to their ruin in some wild scheme by a Government spy. Moreover as politicians, they saw the dangers of such a system; as it was, a Government that wanted an excuse for suspending the Habeas Corpus Act had found the machinations of their spies a most convenient pretext, and it was obvious that the temptation to use them deliberately as *agents provocateurs* might be too much for terrified and unprincipled Ministers.

Change the names in this quotation, and no one could tell from internal evidence that it was not the work of an American historian, writing of his own times. If Senator France undertakes a study of the period covered by the Hammonds' three volumes, he will discover the futility of blaming any party or any set of administrators for the conditions he condemns. They are a necessary and universal incident of political government, and they go on quite the same under republicanism as under constitutionalism or autocracy. It is vain to imagine that each separate grievance indicates a separate or specific remedy. If Senator France will strike into history anywhere, in any country, he will discover that the invariable fundamental injustice is privilege, and that the atrocities he complains of are committed because political government, which exists primarily for the maintenance of privilege, *must* commit them. When privilege is abolished, the atrocities will cease of themselves; and unless and until it is abolished, they will never cease. No matter how many times this or that party is voted in or out, no matter how many revolutionary changes may be made in the outward form or mode of political government, they will never cease. As long as privilege exists, political government must exist to maintain it. In thus fulfilling the function for which it is designed political government will use those means which it has always used. Why should we expect anything else?

THE POLITICS OF PEDAGOGY.

SOMETIMES it seems too bad that people are born so young. If they could only be free from external influence until their natural human qualities are as fully established as the birth-day habits of a tadpole or a butterfly, these qualities might have a chance of survival. But as it is, the poor mite of humanity, having come upon the scene with a mind as blank as a photographic plate, no sooner opens his sensory lenses than every ballyhoo-man in this Carnival of Errors clamours for the chance to place his own particular snake-eating, sword-swallowing monstrosity before the gaze of the new, unclouded soul.

Sad as it is, this business of over-exposure must be counted civilization's best substitute for the more natural arrangement that gives every tadpole at birth the full heritage of tadpolehood. Since the human being must be born so short in humanness, there is a kind of safety in the very multiplicity of impressions which crowd upon him, for there is always the hope that in the long run, by the time the faculty of choice has been in some measure developed, the positive and negative statements of all controversial propositions will have cancelled each other, thus leaving the mind free for the tardy development of that humanness which comes only with advancing age.

Such being the case, it is only natural that the people who do not dare to submit their creeds to the free

and candid scrutiny of adult human beings should be the enemies of the system of mutual cancellations in youth, and should seek to register their own pet propositions upon the mind of childhood and to preserve the lines from blurring or extinction by any opposite statement until the mind has been brought to maturity. Defenders of the faith know that, generally speaking, a man who grows up in full possession of his prejudices, and with no conception of opposing views is not likely thereafter to forsake the ways of his fathers.

By consequence there has always been the hottest opposition to the teaching of anything but "the truth" in the field of controversial ideas. In times past religion has been the subject most carefully guarded from chance contact with negations. But if the length of Cleopatra's nose should ever become a matter of close personal interest to a great number of people, it is safe to say that there would be schools in which only the orthodox number of centimetres would be permitted to be taught.

In the temporal interval between the slacking-off of religious fanaticism and the establishment of the Cult of Cleopatra's Nose, we are to have a spell of militant orthodoxy in the field of economics and politics. For some time the missionaries of the new faith have been going about gathering converts, and now, with a full creed and a growing membership of Old Believers are attempting to impose their tests of orthodoxy upon all the schools and all the teachers of the state of New York. Within the week there have been debated at Albany two bills, one requiring a new form of certification for teachers, and the other providing that no person or institution can give instruction until licensed by the authorities. In order to obtain the certificate referred to in the first bill, the teacher must demonstrate to the satisfaction of the agents of the University of the State of New York that "he will support the Constitutions of this State and of the United States, and that he is loyal to the institutions and laws hereof." Once obtained, the certificate may be revoked by the Commissioner of Education on the ground that the holder has shown by "act or utterance" that he does not support the Constitutions enumerated, or is disloyal to the institutions and laws referred to.

The bill providing for the licensing of schools is even more whole-heartedly repressive. Under its provisions,

No person, firm, corporation, association, or society shall conduct, maintain or operate any school, institute, class or course of instruction in any subjects whatever without . . . being granted a license from the University of the State of New York. . . . No license shall be granted . . . unless the Regents of the University of the State are satisfied that the instruction proposed to be given will not be detrimental to public interests. . . . Such license shall be revoked when it shall appear to the satisfaction of the Regents that the school, institute or class is being conducted in such manner as to be detrimental to public interests or is being conducted in a fraudulent or improper manner.

Public schools and church schools are specifically excepted from the operation of this law.

The first of these playful measures promotes the Commissioner of Education to the position of Keeper of the Teacher's Conscience, and puts it within his power to discharge and permanently disqualify any teacher whose attitude toward American laws and institutions does not happen to agree exactly with conceptions officially approved. The second bill gives the Regents the power of the Inquisition, not only to extripate political and economic heterodoxy but to close the doors of any private institution not conducted in exact accord with accepted ideas of propriety and

public interest. Thus, not only do the Regents become the guardians of economic and political doctrines, but they can repress any and every sort of pedagogical playfulness in the name of whatever conservative theory of education and child-psychology said Regents may happen to hold at a given time. Anyone who knows the bitterness of controversy respecting the comparative merits of, say, blackboard-arithmetic and barefoot dancing, will realize that the non-political Play School conducted by the Bureau of Educational Experiments is perhaps as likely to be suppressed as the Socialist Rand School and the liberal New School of Social Research.

A kind of Greek chorus to this official tragedy is furnished by certain members of the New York State Association of Legal Instructors who are proposing now to exclude Socialist students from the law-schools of the Commonwealth. It is not worth while to argue this proposition here; anyone who is inclined to support it must be appealed to through some other faculty than reason. And anyhow, now that the idea is out, the gentlemen at Albany will probably take it over and return it to the people in the form of a law requiring that every person who applies for admission to any day-nursery, university, kindergarten or other similar institution within the State shall be obliged to kiss the book and swear that when he grows up he will be as much devoted to the preservation of things-as-they-were, as Albany is to-day.

It is all of a piece, viz.:

No education for liberals or radicals;
No liberalism or radicalism in education;
Politics,
Privilege, and
Pedagogy,
One and indivisible,
Now and forever!

HORACE AND THE "DRYS."

*Nullam, Vire, sacra vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis et moenia Catili:
Siccis omnia nam dura deus proposuit, neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.*

Horace, Lib. I-18.

Plant naught at Tibur, Varus mine,
Where Catilus' proud ramparts shine,
Till you have sown the sacred vine!
For 'tis the will of Him on high
That all things hard shall plague the dry;
Since man his cares may not resign,
Save only with the aid benign
Of God's best gift to mortals—wine!

(Our own version.)

It is inevitable, surely, that classic literature—mostly "wet," it must be allowed—will be exposed to many and severe pains and penalties under the "dry" censorship that should logically follow up the prohibition law. It can hardly be doubted that the Prohibitionist, in the event of his prevailing utterly, will attempt to "bowdlerize" literature from a dry standpoint—to set up an *Index Expurgatorius*, as it were, on the model of a more ancient intolerance, with a view to silencing the seditious voices. I refer to the ancient classic bards who are, without exception, deplorably wet. It will be "some contract," as we say in our native vernacular, to expurgate the "thirst" out of those chonic offenders. The poet of antiquity enjoyed a license to do as he pleased with his moral character—nobody cared a tinker's curse so long as he turned out the good stuff. If the poet couldn't drink, for some constitutional reason—a thing almost unexampled in the Heroic Age of poetry—he took care not to betray the fact in his verse, but whanged away with all the wilder Bacchantic frenzy. The ancients knew what they were paying for in the line of poetry, and it does look as if they got more for their money than we do, dry as we now are and dryer as we propose to make ourselves.

Take, for example, our old college friend Horace—Q. H. Flaccus, you know (I don't think the Prohibitionist knows). Certainly if we are to keep the classics at all,

under the dry dispensation, this old charmer's poison teeth must be drawn. Can you not see the committee of arid inquisitors, pawing over the most delightful book in the world, with a view to plucking the offence therefrom? I fear me the tidy baggage, the immortal duodecimo will be sadly disfigured and reduced by these dry redactors.

Since the taboo on Horace and other poets of his ilk is apt to become general and may possibly be enforced with search-and-seizure provisions, I take this occasion to put into familiar verse a few songs of Horace, happily exemplifying his *ingeni benigna vena*, and prime favorites of my own, which would seem to have small chance of escaping the official inquisitor. I begin with the delightful Twenty-first Ode of the Third Book—addressed to the Amphora or Wine-jug (auspicious clay!) which was put up in the year Horace was born (*O nata mecum consule Manlio*).

O born with me when Manlius
Was consul of the year,
Whether full of fight, or crazy love,
Or slumber sound, Jug dear—

Come from your chamber dark and cool¹
To crown our festal hour,
When my Corvinus fain would feel
The Wine-God's deepest power.

You whip the sluggish mind till wit
Unwonted from it flies,
And laugh as rousish Bacchus bares
The secrets of the wise.

Hope to the hopeless, strength to the poor
You give with magic hand,
While after, they nor tyrants fear
Nor armed and threatening band.

With Bacchus, Venus, the Graces three,
We'll burn the torches white,
Till Phoebus with returning ray
Shall drive the stars in flight.

Horace is *par excellence* the poet of social occasions, and chiefly for the reason that he selected them himself—a point worth noting, if you please. Hence the unfeigned spontaneity, naturalness and charm of those festive invitations which he framed in classic metres. There is not a *pièce de manufacture* or made-to-order "infliction" among them all; at once they are true to his native genius and his independent spirit. Further, they are of intense biographic interest from the many charming pictures given of his life at the Sabine Farm—the happiest, as many have thought, that ever fell to a poet's lot.

For public or ceremonial occasions Horace seems to have had a deep-seated repugnance, natural we think to one of his delicate genius and fastidious habits of mind. Saving the *Carmen Saeculare*—which he probably turned off to oblige Augustus, and which has this in common with most "occasional" poem, that one forgets it with great celerity—there are few notable performances of his in this particular kind. With his open scorn of the *ignobile vulgus*, it is clear that the friend of Mæcenas would not care to pose as a bard of the we-have-with-us-to-night species, but would leave such cheap laurels and triumph to Mævius and his like. Conjoined to his perfect taste was a perfect conception of the dignity of his art.

But if our poet jealously held aloof from the celebrations of the multitude (shrewdly designed by their rulers to keep them content and quiet), all the more freely and joyously did he pour himself out to the chosen few of his heart. An invitation from him not only meant a good time, but if couched in verse it was a passport to immortal remembrance! What wonder that the noblest blood of Rome was proud to be so favoured—especially as Mæcenas set the fashion?

The following verse from Horace is one of his happiest in the private or select social vein, here descanted upon—I refer this praise of course to the original (Lib. IV—12) rather than to my own graceless paraphrase, for which I may scarcely expect grace at the hands of the *cognoscenti*. This, being a Spring Song, will recall joyous memories to many a reader who has heretofore been unable even to think of the vernal season without its concomitant Bock and May Wine. *Ach*, what sorrow! The Virgil addressed, by the way, was not, according to the best critical opinion, the celebrated poet of that name.

Virgil, my lad, the Spring is here
And Winter's gone with yester-year—
The Spring that brings us warmer airs
The swallow with her nesting cares
(Lamenting in her plaintive song
That ancient tale of lust and wrong)
Brings too an end of Winter snow
And icy floods and arctic blow;
While jocund shepherds piping free,
With flocks that stray on down and lea,
Give joy to Pan that such things be. . .

Such are my terms, nor steep, nor hard:
'Tis up to you to bring the nard
If my Calenian you would taste,
Like one that hath no fear to waste.
But quickly come, and with the price,
'Twill fetch a cask from old Sulpice.
Make no delay nor plead excuse—
Ah, friend, how brief our mortal use!
'Tis sweet the bonds of care to burst,
Nor aye to toil for gain accrue;
And then, my lad, our thirst! our thirst!

It is always possible to "have another" with Horace—his tap is endless and the quality never varies, at least in the original. Alas, it is true that the translator often draws a muddy decoction which has no resemblance in taste or bouquet to the ethereal runnings of the Alban cask.

Will you say "when," genial reader? *Vive tu!*

With this warrant I submit a further example from the little "round and smooth" Bard of Tivoli, as proving how utterly desperate must be his case, without benefit of clergy or other, in the eye of a strict prohibition censorship. The selection is from the Fourteenth Ode of the Third Book—a truly Horatian hit in the original, which the learned reader may not readily identify in our unlaboured version.

This festal day my cares shall take,
Not shall I fear to die
By violence or civic rage
While Caesar's star is high.

Go, boy, get wreaths and fragrant nard,
And a wine of sixty year—
If any such escaped the spoil
When Spartacus was here.

And bid the sweet-voiced Naera come,
Her hair tied back in Grecian style;
But if the surly porter balk
Your quest, then, boy, retire awhile.

For greying hair forbids the strife
Where wrath the judgment cool o'erpasses—
Not so I thought when the punch was mine
And Plancus held the *fascēs*!

To sum up then: it must be allowed that the late Q. H. Flaccus sports a set of very moist principles and presents an incorrigible case. He is wet all the way through, to the highest point of saturation. In truth, he is not possible or credible or of much literary value otherwise. "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark is but a poor simile for Horace minus his wine-jug—which he has carried long and far without serious mishap. But a jolt seems due him very soon, and from a people undreamed of when he boasted his immortality:

My fame the Colchian shall reach,
The Dacian and the far Gelone;
The witty Spaniard me, shall read,
And he that quaffs the rapid Rhone.

However, we need not give way to despair for our genial old friend, even though he does seem to be in for a little temporary occultation. Despair? *Per Bacchum*, no!

*Nil desperandum Flacco duce
Et auspice Flacci.*

As a long-distance champion our hero is in a class by himself, and we are still game to plunge on the *monumentum aere perennius*. The vogue of Horace, perennial like his and consoling thoughts—*per exemplum*, it fortifies us against our own Fount of Bandusia, really induces the mind to joyous the transient dominion of fools and fanatics. He was wearing his rakish laurel, *regnans et effulgens*, a few centuries before the polite world began to write *anno Domini*. And the odds are a hundred to one that he will survive to some remote age when an ocean shall cover this continent, and people sailing thereon in ships shall idly look over the side and remark: "Just fancy, all this was once America!"

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

¹ The apotheca or store-room in the upper part of a Roman house, where the wine was kept to be "cured" or mellowed by smoke.

RUSSIA RE-EXAMINED.

THE good lady who settled an argument about the quality of her cookery by an appeal to the rolling-pin did not really succeed in proving her point. Soviet Russia has made a similar appeal—not by choice, but from necessity—and thus far the world is not convinced of the superior quality of soviet housekeeping. After all, what Russia lays claim to is not so much a novel and very superior army, as an economic and social system of almost millennial quality. If Kolchak and "capitalism" had come back to power by force of arms, another generation or two might have passed leaving still untested the fitness of this new system for the usages of peace. On the other hand, the defeat of Kolchak, Denikin, and the rest, means not that the test has been completed but that it is about to begin. When Russian goods, and British and American goods, meet in free markets, it will be time enough to say that the Slavic experiment in socialization is actually under way.

The greater the dissimilarity between the Russian and Western European systems of production, the more significant will be the results of the competitive experiment upon which the world is about to enter. Just how great these differences are, it is by no means easy to determine, especially in view of the fact that most of the material on Russia takes the form of hastily written and not always unbiased press dispatches, of propaganda from inspired sources, or of official documents, law-codes, and the like, which must often present a picture of what is hoped for, rather than of what has already been accomplished. With all these considerations in mind, and with no new factual material to present, the writer nevertheless feels justified in attempting to erect a new edifice of generalizations upon a foundation of acknowledged insecurity.

In the first place then, it may be said that it is quite impossible to draw any definite line of demarcation between the political and economic systems of the Soviet Republic. The country-wide organization by industries, under the Supreme Council of National Economy, is almost purely economic, while the soviet system, which for convenience may be called "the political government," is largely economic both in foundation and in function.

The vices and virtues of the soviets have been by this time pretty well advertised. Suffrage, of course, is restricted to the workers, and those persons who derive their income from interest on capital or from the exploitation of labour are specifically disfranchised by the Constitution. The workers are grouped primarily in accordance with their economic interest as producers: in agricultural regions the village is the basic unit; in cities, the trade union or the shop organization. The villagers elect representatives to the rural or volost soviets, which in turn choose delegates to the county and provincial soviets. In the cities, the unions and shop-groups elect the members of the urban soviet, and this body chooses deputies to sit with those from the rural districts in the provincial soviet council. Thus far the outlines of the system are extremely simple, but above the level of the rural and urban soviets complications appear and multiply. For instance the urban soviets are represented in the provincial councils by one deputy for each 2000 "voters," while the volosts return one member for each 10,000 "inhabitants." The apportionment of places in the bodies next highest in rank—the regional soviets—follows the same proportion,

5000 urban "voters" being balanced against 25,000 rural "inhabitants." And here there are two additional complications: the county assembly through which the rural population must choose its regional deputies contains representatives of towns of less than 10,000 inhabitants as well as of the purely agricultural volosts, while, on the other hand, the urban members of the regional councils are chosen direct by the city soviets. At the top of the whole representative system stands the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, with some of its members elected by the provincial councils, in which both rural and urban soviets are represented, at the rate of one for every 125,000 "inhabitants," and other members chosen direct by the urban soviets at the rate of one for each 25,000 "voters." There is no common denominator to serve the purposes of a comparison between the terms "inhabitant" and "voter," but since both the men and women workers of the cities hold the franchise, the five-to-one rule would seem to give a decided advantage to the urban industrial vote. However, the provision for both direct and indirect urban representation in the All-Russian Congress would make it sufficiently evident that the soviet system has been pretty thoroughly gerrymandered for the purpose of increasing the influence of the industrial proletariat. Just where the line falls between urban and rural organization is by no means certain; but with more than thirty-two per cent of the population of European Russia resident in towns of 2000 or more inhabitants, and twelve and four-tenths per cent concentrated in cities counting 10,000 and up, it would seem tolerably easy for the industrial element to maintain a position of control by the peaceable use of the constitutional means already provided. Of course the extent to which the provisions of the Constitution are actually in operation is still a matter of hot debate, but the intent of the instrument is plain enough. What the legalized domination of Russia by urban and industrial interests may mean to competing nations is a matter to be discussed later.

When we turn from the political government to the processes of actual production, we find the emphasis still more strongly industrial. To date, the reorganization of agriculture has gone only a very little way. According to *Economic Life*, the official organ of the Supreme Council of National Economy, eighty-five per cent of the arable land which formerly belonged to the nobility has been taken over, mostly for "unorganized distribution." In March, 1919, the Commissariat of Agriculture began the systematic organization of "soviet estates" and succeeded in equipping some 2500 of these estates by the end of October. It is understood that these "soviet estates" are partly or wholly independent of the local soviets, and that they are worked by an agricultural proletariat and managed, like industrial plants, by boards on which the workers, the Regional Economic Council, and the Commissariat of Agriculture are represented. At the latest report, 1,651,858 acres of land, or less than three per cent of the cultivated area of Soviet Russia, were being administered in this fashion. It appears then that for an indefinite period agricultural operations will be very much what they were before the revolution.

The case with industry is far otherwise. Writing in *Economic Life*, V. Milutin says:

During this second year [of the Soviet Republic] we have completed the nationalization of industry. At the present moment . . . there are in all some 4,000 nationalized enterprises which represent practically ninety per cent of

the country's total production. We have created up to ninety industrial state monopolies, centralizing the entire industrial management.

The organization of production under these state monopolies is by all odds the most significant product of the revolution. The manner in which members of the All-Russian Congress are chosen has already been described. This Congress elects an All-Russian Central Executive Committee which assumes supreme power in the Republic when the Congress itself is not in session. This Committee in turn forms a Council or Cabinet of eighteen Ministers, called People's Commissars, who carry on the every-day business of government. One of these Ministers has the title of Commissar of National Economy, and he and the lesser officials who sit with him form the Supreme Council of National Economy, to which body is entrusted the management and correlation of all nationalized industry in Russia. The sixty-nine members of this Council are appointed as follows:

| | |
|---|----|
| From industrial unions of workers in nationalized industries | 30 |
| From the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.... | 10 |
| From the Council of People's Commissars, (the Commissars of Finance, Agriculture, and Ways and Communications are among this number)..... | 7 |
| Two from each of 10 Regional Economic Councils..... | 20 |
| From the All-Russian Co-operatives..... | 2 |

Next, there is for each separate industry a "central" or board of directors appointed as follows:

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| By the Workers' Union | (workers) 3 |
| By the Supreme Council of National Economy | 3 |
| On the recommendation of the managers of local plants | (technicians) 3 |

Finally, each local plant or group of plants in a given industry is managed by a board of three members, one elected by the workers, one appointed by the "central" for the industry, and one appointed by the Regional Economic Council, which represents all the workers of the region. The "soviet estates" come within the scope of this industrial system, but it appears that the great bulk of the rural population can affect the workings of industry only through the All-Russian Congress, far removed as it is. It would seem, therefore, that the industrial workers of Russia, together with the labourers on the "soviet estates," form a national economic organization which runs pretty much "on its own." This modified syndicalist organization perhaps has in it more of the germs of life than the much discussed soviets. Isaac Don Levine, who recently visited Russia for the *New York Globe*, is indeed of the opinion that the Supreme Economic Council, with the "centrals" and the local managerial boards, will eventually supersede the political organization entirely.

The means devised for the distribution and regulation of labour in nationalized industries and in privately operated plants are quite as elaborate as the mechanism for the general management of production; and as a matter of course the two organizations interpenetrate to such a great degree as to be altogether inseparable. It is the specific object of the Code of Labour Laws to enforce the right of society to the labour of all its members, and at the same time to maintain the right of the individual, not only to a fair return for the work done, but to a share in the direction of his own efforts. In the spirit of the Constitutional provision that "he who does not work shall not eat," the Code makes all able-bodied citizens between the ages of sixteen and fifty, men and women alike, subject to compulsory labour. The converse of

this proposition is that all citizens subject to compulsory labour have "the right to employment at their vocations and for the remuneration fixed for such class of work." All wage earners are divided into groups and categories "by special valuation commissions, local and central, established by the respective professional organizations [trade unions]," and are effectively guaranteed employment at all times with the wage appropriate to their grade. When in an individual case such work is not available, the wage earner may be temporarily assigned by the Department of Labour Distribution to work of lower grade and pay; but when he is engaged upon such work, he is paid an unemployment subsidy which raises his wage to that appropriate to his group and category; if no work of any sort can be found for him, the subsidy paid equals the full amount of his appropriate wage. Not only does the Department of Labour Distribution have the power to shift individual workers in this fashion to meet the needs of production, but where urgent public interest so demands "the Department of Labour Distribution may, in agreement with the respective professional unions and with the approval of the People's Commissariat of Labour, order the transfer of a whole group of workers from the organization where they are employed to another situated in the same or in a different locality, provided a sufficient number of volunteers for such work cannot be found."

Hence the rights of individual workers to limit production by withholding their efforts is extremely limited. On the other hand, the organized workers, once engaged upon the undertaking to which they are assigned, have extraordinary powers. The remuneration appropriate to each group and category, and the general conditions under which work is performed are regulated "by tariff rules drafted by the trade unions, in agreement with the directors or owners of the establishments or enterprises and approved by the Commissariat of Labour. . . . In cases where it is impossible to arrive at an understanding with the directors or owners of establishments or enterprises, the tariff rules . . . [are] drawn up by the trade unions and submitted for approval to the People's Commissariat of Labour." Standards of output for wage earners of each group and category are fixed by the valuation commissions of the respective trade unions, and submitted for the joint consideration of the proper Department of Labour and the Supreme Council of National Economy. The penalty for underproduction is a transfer "by decision of the proper valuation commission to other work of the same group and category, or to a lower group or category, with a corresponding reduction of wages."

The trade unions of Russia thus continue to occupy a very important place in the regulation of industry, particularly with reference to the transfer of groups of workers, the classification of wage earners into groups and categories, and the determination of wages and standards of output. In addition to this, the unions, with the approval of the proper Department of Labour, draft rules for the internal management of industrial establishments, and finally, either through their function as political units in the soviet system, or directly through their appointive power, it appears that they exercise a preponderant influence in the more important soviet councils, in the Commissariats of Labour and National Economy, in the several industrial "centrals," in the Regional Economic Councils, and in the tripartite managerial boards of the different industrial plants.

It is impossible to determine the extent to which the influence of the trade unions as such is modified by the existence of shop-organizations which may in some cases cut across union lines; but the only functions specifically assigned to the shop groups by the Code of Labour Laws are those of examining the evidence in cases where a worker has voluntarily left his work, and of enforcing the "rules of internal management" framed by the unions. On the political side, it is admitted that in the municipal soviet elections confusion sometimes results from the double balloting of workers who vote first as members of a shop-organization and later as members of a union. However, the whole matter of grouping for industrial and political activity appears much less complex when it is remembered that in general the unions of Russia are now organized on industrial rather than craft lines, and that by consequence the shop-organizations are generally composed wholly of members of one single union and are for all practical purposes "locals" of that union.

If it is once admitted that the labour power of Russia is pretty much at the disposal of a national governmental and industrial organization which is in turn dominated by the labour unions, the problem of militarized labour loses most of its significance. According to press reports, four of the sixteen Red armies are now engaged in productive activity. The statement that this is merely a temporary expedient seems plausible enough. The matter of returning labour to a peace basis has been pretty fully discussed by Leon Trotsky—who is certainly not over-ardent in the cause of demobilization:

Labour conscription [said Trotsky] means that the qualified workmen who leave the army must take their work books [pamphlets resembling the American Army Service Record] and proceed to places where they are required—where their presence is necessary to the economic system of the country.

Another matter which has lately been more in the public eye than the soviet system, or the organization of men, materials and management for agricultural and industrial production, is the distributive system of the country—and, more specifically, the co-operatives. For a time it was thought that the co-operative societies, with their enormous membership, could supply the mechanism for delivering to the Russian people the goods which the Allies wished to sell to them, and for collecting raw materials to be shipped westward in exchange. If this sleight-of-hand performance was once possible, it certainly is so no longer. According to *Economic Life*

the large labouring masses have been drawn into the work of the various bodies in charge of distribution, . . . these latter have been consolidated, and the entire soviet apparatus for distribution amalgamated with the co-operative system..

A Moscow dispatch quotes Andrew Leshave, President of the Central Union of Co-operatives, in part as follows:

The co-operatives are now simply a part of the Soviet Government. Food distribution throughout the country is now entirely in our hands.

And, by way of making the case complete, another Moscow dispatch states on the authority of Vladimir Khinchook, who is soon to be the London representative of the co-operative societies, that "membership in these societies is obligatory upon every citizen."

Now if this sketchy and diffident discussion of Russian political and economic life proves anything, it proves that the Russian revolution did not lose its industrial and proletarian character with the end of the

term of violence, and surrender itself thereafter to a system of "political democracy" which would permit a gradual re-establishment of the old order in economics, if not in politics. The agricultural population does not have either in the economic or in the political field that extra-governmental unity which the trade unions give to the industrial workers. Indeed it seems that the industrial organization under the Supreme Council of National Economy has in it certain highly important elements of autonomy which would make it a most formidable enemy of any All-Russian Congress of Soviets which showed indications of a drift toward manhood suffrage, territorial organization, and general reconstruction along political lines. Indeed, it may not be too much to say that the power of the industrial unions to paralyze completely *all* the industries of the country makes political reconstruction quite impossible, without the preface of a violent and bloody revolution.

If this proposition is sound, it is hard to estimate its significance for the future. Indeed, it appears that a country permanently organized, politically and industrially, for production and the preservation of working-class control is about to come into competition with countries organized politically and industrially for the preservation of this, that and the other check and charge upon production.

On the side of agriculture, conditions will continue to be for years pretty much what they were before the revolution. When trade begins once more, Russia will again make huge exports of corn, flour, buckwheat, timber, flax, eggs and dairy produce, and these products will go chiefly to Germany, the United Kingdom, the Netherlands, France, and Belgium, just as they did before the war.

With mining and manufacturing the case is vastly different. Here the post-revolutionary organization is dominated by the class that carried the revolution itself through to success. And the whole energy of this class is now directed to the building up of industries which will come directly into competition with the industries of the West. Before the war, Russia's imports were chiefly in the form of machinery and woollens from Germany, machinery and coal from the United Kingdom, and raw cotton from the United States. As soon as the trade barriers are down, these imports will flow again to Russia. In all probability the United Kingdom will take the lead in this trade, with the United States second, France third, and Germany fourth. In the markets of Russia, goods from the capitalistic factories of England, the United States, and France will compete with the products of the partly socialized industries of Germany and the union-controlled industries of Russia. If the strain of this competition falls most heavily upon Great Britain, it is because it is her industries that are most in need of foreign markets.

And this will not be the first time that this need has brought British industry into direct conflict with an economic system organized on new lines. The story of German inroads into British markets in the Far East has been told many times. Imperialists like Chamberlain and Bonar Law, and Liberal reformers like Asquith, Lloyd George, and Churchill were willing to concede in pre-war days that Germany's success in these markets was in large part due to the paternal welfare-work of the German Government. The Germans had found out that by keeping the workingmen fat and sleek they could get more work out of them, sell more goods overseas, make more profits for the employers, and incidentally turn out certain by-

products in the way of national glory and an army that was physically fit. The English, who had been inclined to favour a hand-to-mouth method of exploitation, came late into the welfare contest, but the Liberal party's program of social legislation shows that in pre-war days the islanders were picking up ideas at a great rate. By their emulation of Germany, the English had admitted that unregulated exploitation was less profitable than paternalism.

But the contest that is now about to begin is not one in comparative profitableness. It is rather a contest between a system which denies the legitimacy of profits and another system which would maintain profits even at the cost of importing the policies of enemy states. If through a term of years, British goods—and French and American goods—are gradually forced out of Russian markets by the products of Russian industry, this will prove *something*, just as German inroads upon British trade in the Far East proved something. In the latter case attention centered upon the element of widest difference between the British and German systems—namely, social welfare. If now the decision goes once more against England, it may be argued with reason that a productive organization which owes no obligations to rent, interest, and profit, is in some ways preferable to a system which is loaded down with all these prior liens, and with a government designed to perpetuate them.

Of course there will be other matters of difference—the question of individual human satisfaction, for instance—and there will be arguments to the effect that these other matters offer the true explanation of all that may happen. Of course, too, the increasing unreasonableness of the workers in the Allied countries may bring the test to an untimely end. However, as things stand, it does look as though the world was to have the benefit of a large-scale experiment in which production for use will function in competition with production for profit.

GEROID ROBINSON.

WOMAN AND WAR.

THE realities of war are not to be found in history-books. There we read of its strategy, its victories, and its political results; but of its actual ingredients, process and manufacture we hear little. Those facts have never truly been told to us, for never yet has there been an historian bent on giving us their true proportions—measuring out not merely the cost of lives and material production as against the benefits achieved, but the infinite injustice, moral degradation, and embitterment of the human race which have lain at the back of all violent enforcements of policy by one nation against another. Our wars have been chronicled for us by those who—whatever they might think of moral causes or conduct in individual cases—believed nevertheless that war was necessary for the development of the human race and the adjustment of international relations; and it is about as reasonable to accept as impartial the verdict of such historians on the benefits of war, as to accept the verdict of a monopolist on the economic benefits of monopoly, or of a despot on the political advantages of despotism.

Nevertheless, at the remove of a generation or a century, political judgments—even in the countries which are supposed to have benefited by war—often come to be revised; and apart from nationalist insistence upon the glory and the valour and the intellectual display of the performance, posterity does often reconsider the actual gains, and sometimes even

the moral causes, with a more unprejudiced eye, and is then able to make a more sober estimate of what war has actually stood for in the long run.

Yet, even so, it is difficult, and perhaps dangerous, to be judicial. Our wars of yesterday have given us our international politics of today; and we cannot completely throw over our blunders of yesterday, lest they should involve our national honour in a consequent blunder tomorrow, which may also then be a "military necessity." Nations have to camouflage the road by which they have come to power, because their feet and their wills are still set on it; and without change of heart there can be no turning back. Nevertheless, I doubt whether any assets of a nation's development suffer so huge a depreciation, on the moral side, as the causes for which it went to war.

In my own country, now happily at peace alike with Scotland, with France, and with America, very few would trouble to defend the policies which gave us defeats in battles whose names we have not been brought up to remember,¹ or victories at Flodden, Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt; nor is our moral sense really satisfied with the part we played in the dynastic alliance against the principles of the French Revolution, the War of the Crimea, the Opium War in China, or the Boer War in South Africa. We are pretty sure that in most of those cases we were in the wrong—and it is good for us to know it; yet our national prestige (while it has managed to survive defeats which established against us the cause of right) still finds sustenance in victories which established (temporarily) in our favour the cause of wrong. Thus our historic sense of glory still remains morally vitiated; and the history of our wars, as taught to children, is about as bad a moral training for them, as the scriptural history of the wars of God's "chosen people" has been for the whole of Christendom. Justification by race is the moral that they teach; and the cult of nationalism still governs the ethical training of the civilized world.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the relation of women to war? It has just this to do with it: the question of racial survival, well-being, and development is essentially a woman's question, and the woman is alive to race-values, as they bear upon the home and child-life, more keenly, more analytically, and more logically than is the average male, for the simple reason that she pays a higher price for them when they are missing, and in her own body knows more about them.

Hitherto the policy of justification by race has been in the hands of men,—women have had very little say in it; and the frontiers and liberties which men have fought for in the past are not the frontiers and liberties which women must fight for in the future if their war for the welfare of the human race is to be won. Women know of frontiers which war has never been able to defend—to which even the justest war brings damage, violation and ruin; and if we study the progression of war from ancient to modern times we shall see—today more clearly than ever—that it necessarily violates in an ever-increasing degree frontiers which women must care about, and individual human liberties which the state-ideal, bent on power, has no choice but to enslave when once it embarks on war. Autocracy need make no concession of principle when it turns to the arbitrament of war: democracy must.

¹ The average Englishman could not tell you whether Bunker Hill was a victory or a defeat; as the whole thing ended in failure he cares little to remember the details.

That does not condemn democracy, but it condemns war; and the more we believe in democracy, the more must we necessarily disbelieve in a method of readjustment between nation and nation which cannot be carried into practice without violating its principles.

Democracy is an organized effort to secure justice and welfare for the individual in the justice and welfare of the whole; while war is necessarily a process under which all safeguards of justice and welfare are open to violation; and that progressive violation of principle, which has become more and more manifest under modern conditions, is due to the increasing scale on which war is now waged.

War was always an instrument which struck blindly at innocent and guilty alike, which involved the helpless in its miseries even more than the powerful, which reckoned and recorded the numbers of its dead combatants, but never attempted to record the deaths of its non-combatants; and under forms of government which did not in their political calculations set great store by the weak and helpless, the growing tendency of war to strike at these on a colossal scale was scarcely considered,—was never, at all events, regarded as a compelling ethical argument for the discovery of some other means than war for the adjustment of international differences.

Yet there the ethical problem stands before us: war has become more and more a weapon of *imprecision*, so vast and embracing in its scope, so wide in the range of its projectiles, that we can no longer pretend to direct it only against those who have some will in the matter or who take some physical share in the confrontation of opposing forces. In order to reach each other the combatants must trample the non-combatants, inflicting miseries and deaths far exceeding those of the battlefield. To insure to itself the fruits of victory,—even when the enemy has surrendered its fleets, arms, and munitions,—the victorious side feels impelled to maintain a blockade which dooms to death scores and hundreds of thousands of the aged, the infirm, the unarmed, women, and little children. By a process, not too immediate for the political obscurantist to explain away for weak consciences willing to be persuaded, we are bound by our modern war-conditions, and by our subsequent peace-conditions, to put children to death for diplomatic reasons just as surely as the soldiers of Herod were bound by military obedience to kill the babies of Bethlehem. What was once regarded as an accidental outcome of the rigours of war, became eighteen months ago, when victory had been secured and armistice terms dictated, a political principle; a whole continent must be kept in starvation while its conquerors wrangled among themselves what terms should be finally imposed; the starving peoples begged for the terms to be stated,—they could not be stated; and because they could not be stated millions of little children starved, and hundreds of thousands of them died.

That is modern war; and that is why war and women in the policies of the state are incompatible; for one of the frontiers which women must regard as more sacred than political and territorial frontiers is the life of little children.

Another frontier comes even nearer to themselves. It is said that the Crusades, undertaken with the blessing of Mother Church, failing in everything else, succeeded in bringing syphilis into Europe; and the righteousness of the cause for which war is undertaken has never from that day to this made the homes of the righteous any more immune from that pes-

tilence than the homes of the evil-doers. In spite of the idealism which at the outset may draw young men as volunteers to war, their idealism does not solve the sex-problem, or protect them, as the months and years of their military service go by, from the official solution of their physical needs which a paternal War-Department provides.

During the late war one pigeon-hole of the British War-Department, in a town in Normandy, was routed out, and a scandalized public heard about it. The sense of scandal was of two kinds. One part of the public was scandalized that so unpatriotic an exposure of one of "war's necessities" should have been made; the other part that war's necessities should have been so interpreted. The official interpretation in this particular case took the form of a regulated supply of one woman to thirty-six soldiers per diem under conditions which were supposed to safeguard the health—of the latter. The women remained in the official mill until one of their thirty-six daily clients infected them; the infected woman was then withdrawn from her official employment; and another substituted. And so, behind the fighting line, a monstrous regiment of women continued to serve, without hope of distinction, one of the necessities of war.

The case made a considerable stir, and in that individual case a remedy was promised, and the sensitive British public was assured that the official violation of women—in the proportion of one to thirty-six clients per diem—would not go on. But does any honest and reasonable student of modern war suppose that—shut down in one small town—the same system, with the same sort of unnatural proportion of supply to a natural demand, was not going on in countless places, all over Europe, during the whole five years of the war? And can anyone honestly, in the face of our unsolved sex-problem under peace conditions, have any doubt that war produces inevitably a monstrous exaggeration of existing evils, and that it is mainly upon the young that this resultant curse of our elderly diplomacy descends to work havoc: that it is those who are least responsible for the diplomatic situations which bring war to pass, whose moral nature war most violates?

Can the righteousness of a cause protect them, in any degree, from the risks of official temptation and degradation to which, when once we adopt the remedy of war, we inevitably commit them?

In the middle-ages nobody pretended that violation and sex-licence on a vast scale was not one of the unavoidable accompaniments of war. But now-a-days there is a sort of pretence that it only takes place among the enemy; and it is unpatriotic to suggest that your own armies may be doing it, or may only not be doing it on the worst scale from the happy accident that they are a defending and not an invading army. In the early days of the war when our Russian allies were advancing over enemy territory, through Poland and East Prussia, I was assured by comfortable English ladies in patriotic blinkers that the Russians as a race "always behaved well to women." That particular bit of moral camouflage was promptly dropped by uncomfortable English ladies of both sexes when Russia went Bolshevik; and the "compulsory nationalization of women" is still dying a hard death even in the minds of professors at Cambridge University—as I happen personally to know, being brother to one of them.

Intellectual dishonesty would seem, therefore, to be another of those "military necessities" in which modern war involves us. In the days when nations were

much further away from representative government than they are now, and when the patriotic and the predatory ideals in regard to foreign interests were more universally allied, it was possible for states built up on the will-to-power to wage war for reasons purely dynastic and territorial. There was then no "public opinion" sufficiently educated or organized to resist a bold policy of grab if it promised success. But there is now quite definitely a body of opinion in every civilized country which, having a conscience about war, requires to have its quarrel just; more powerful still and far larger is that body of opinion in the electorate which is quick to resent the discomforts, impoverishment, and losses of war, if these are not justified to its mind by a sense of inevitability, and made easier to bear by a heat of moral indignation against the enemy. It is therefore far more necessary today than it ever was in the past, for rulers to present to the nations they would lead into war an apparently overwhelming case either of justice or of self-interest. And if we believe that such a case was presented to one half of Europe six years ago, the more must we stand amazed that to the other half also a case was presented by its rulers adequate to maintain it in a unity comparable with our own for what seemed to us baser ends. It is bad psychology not to admit that such a case was presented, though we need not regard it as a true case, and though we may readily agree that intellectual dishonesty in patriotic blinkers played its part.

Rulers are not only able, by their control of the sources of secret diplomacy, to present such a case to their nationals at the outbreak of war, but they are driven to do so by the instinct of self-preservation: and by that instinct of self-preservation amongst the elder statesmen of Europe, who were themselves immune from the instrument of destruction which they invoked, millions of the young rising generation were sent down into the pit of destruction, robbed of the means for exercising a free judgment on the question of right and wrong. Not upon those who decided that war was necessary did the real blow of war descend; and had it been a law of all civilized nations that those holding supreme office should be put to death as a proof of their good faith, we may well doubt whether war would ever have been declared.

Thus, over and above all the secret diplomacy which leads up to it, no political act is in its results so proportionally unrepresentative as modern war. Six years ago a huge crime or blunder was committed; the young, helpless in a situation which diplomacy through preceding years had secretly created, died for it by the million; the elder statesmen who had made it survived. And one of the most tragic results, to victor and vanquished alike, is the present over-weighting of the scales—now when reconstruction has become a world-problem—against youth in the direction of age, against bold and generous experiment in the direction of conservatism and reaction, against idealism in the direction of hard calculating materialism.

The very process of war, in striking at the young on so vast a scale, has imposed a heavy disfranchisement on the generation which will have to endure longest the consequences of that elderly statesmanship which has so disproportionately survived and still so disproportionately bears rule. What leaders the new age has lost on the battlefields of Europe, what genius, what power of social organization, what spiritual idealism, we shall never know. But that loss is telling upon us today in the political field to which we have

now returned, and will tell increasingly, making our national and international decisions more unrepresentative alike of the men who died and of the ideals which, at least in the earlier stages of the war, they thought they were fighting for.

Here, then, is another of those frontiers of life which women are called to defend, and which modern war inevitably violates and destroys,—that hopeful balance of youth against age on which in every generation so much of our human progress depends. Must we not devise some method by which the arbitrament of war which smites down youth shall be taken out of the hands of age—and of statesmen who remain immune from the destruction which they decree?

Women are coming into politics today to the completion of democracy; they are (in a society which still believes in the remedy of war) the great non-combatant arm of the state. And one of their chief moral values today is that they are not and will not be called upon to fight; their consciences are left to them free, as men's are not, from compulsion into the bloody business of war. Can they rest morally contented till they have secured an international relation of states which will insure to men also a like immunity from compulsion into acts which are against their conscience? Is not that immunity which has come to them as a sort of birthright one which they must now seek to make the birthright of democracy? Till it is so, their place of equality in the democracy they are now helping to form is tainted with moral privilege, the harder to justify if, in the future, their vote should ever go for wars in which they will stand free from a duty hurtful to the consciences of others.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

BRITISH LABOUR AND THE IRISH.

It is easy to say "Leave it to labour." It is pleasant to think that with labour in power the peace-treaty will be rewritten and a League of Peoples arise as solid as marble and as white as snow, all with the speed of a full-blown mushroom. It is reassuring to calm the Irish with dreams of proletarian justice from that new Trades Union Congress which is to be the economic Parliament of Britain. But the plain truth is that British labour is not as wise, not as noble, as it is sometimes cracked up to be. British labour shares with the whole nation the limitations, blindness, self-seeking of the national policy in foreign-affairs. In the mass it has always been liberal rather than radical.

The Labour party's Irish policy is pretty clearly defined as far as resolutions go, but opinion is not agreed as to the exact meaning to be attached to party conference resolutions. Two recent resolutions are relevant. The first was adopted at the eighteenth annual conference of the party in London in June, 1918. It runs:

That this conference unhesitatingly recognizes the claim of the people of Ireland to Home Rule, and to self-determination in all exclusively Irish affairs; it protests against the stubborn resistance to a democratic reorganization of Irish government maintained by those who, alike in Ireland and Great Britain, are striving to keep minorities dominant; and it demands that a wide and generous measure of Home Rule on the lines indicated by the proceedings of the Irish Convention should be immediately passed into law and put into operation.

An amendment to delete the reference to the Irish Convention was carried. The second resolution is that adopted at the Amsterdam meeting of the per-

manent Commission of the International appointed at Berne. It runs:

The International Conference demands that the principle of free and absolute self-determination shall be applied immediately in the case of Ireland; affirms the right of the Irish people to political independence; demands that this self-determination shall rest upon a democratic decision expressed by the free, equal and secret vote of the people, without any military, political or economic pressure from outside, or any reservation or restriction imposed by any Government. The Conference calls upon the Powers at the Peace Conference to make good this rightful claim of the Irish people.

In mere terminology, the Amsterdam resolution goes considerably beyond the party resolution; and would cover the demand for an Irish Republic if that were expressed in a plebiscite of the Irish people. Strictly interpreted, of course, the resolution would not rule out a plebiscite by districts, which would give Ulster the opportunity of making its wishes known, leading possibly to a partition of Ireland along the lines of strict self-determination. Under the terms of this resolution, British labour would find it difficult to resist the demand of the Irish people for complete severance from the Imperial system, and there is undoubtedly a section of the movement which is quite logical in its view that if the Irish people want a republic, they must have it, with complete control over all their affairs, even to the creation of a defence force, control of their economic policy (meaning, possibly, a protective tariff), control over their police, and of course no veto by the Imperial Parliament on any legislation of the Irish House or Houses.

This policy goes a good deal beyond what most labour people mean by "a wide and generous measure of home rule." A majority of the party means Dominion home rule, which leaves foreign policy, national defence, and probably trade relations under the control of the Imperial Parliament. It is true that Dominion home rule should mean for Ireland as it does for Australia and Canada, freedom to determine its own fiscal policy; but many free-trade advocates of home rule would hesitate before giving Ireland freedom to impose a protectionist policy, which would probably be directed against England.

Broadly speaking, it may be said, with some confidence, that the Labour party would accept Gladstonian home rule, limited Dominion home rule, or the home rule act of 1914 at present on the statute book, as an instalment. They want to get the Irish problem settled, and the reference to a "wide and generous measure" really means the utmost concession that can be wrung from the dominant minority at the present time. It is not that British labour is niggardly, or desires to limit the exercise of self-determination by the Irish people, but that it regards politics as the art of the possible, and would therefore accept almost any instalment of political freedom which would be acceptable to the Irish people, if only as an instalment, and thus get this problem out of the way. Labour could not, on its principles, refuse an Irish Republic, but there is a feeling that it ought to find some means of preventing Ireland becoming a stepping-off place for a continental invasion of the British island, or a mere outpost of someone else's empire.

As yet it is fair to assume that the party's Irish policy implies that Dominion home rule is as far as it can go, with limitations covering foreign policy, national defence, and fiscal affairs. What is required to obtain justice for Ireland—I pause here, because

a Cornell professor interrupted me the other day when I got that far in the sentence.

"What is justice for Ireland?" he asked.

I answer that justice for Ireland is the same as justice for any other nation, and that is possession of the power of the purse, full control over its economic affairs. Grant that, and the rest follows.

If the Irish wish something more than expurgated home rule, they will be forced to do two things. They will need to continue and extend their agitation in the United States, Canada and Australia. The pressure of that agitation is enormous on the British Government, Parliament, and officials. It is not enormous at any one time. Its virtue consists in the worriment and nagging repetition which tear at the nerves of responsible persons. That agitation must be made into a continuous reverberation rolling across the ocean and rendering ordinary club talk impossible. The din has already reached the few hundred persons of the upper control. If increased and beaten into savage rhythmical time, it will finally reach Horatio Bottomley's *John Bull* and the Sunday newspapers, and that timid, easily-manipulated echo, called public opinion. It will then be possible to induce a political party to include Ireland among the items of its programme.

The other thing needful is to educate British labour. The rank and file are as unaware of Ireland, as they are of Egypt and India. It is useless to reach the three thousand national officials and leaders of labour. As a class, they are adept side-steppers, trained in political opportunism. It is only when forms emerge from the cellar that they take notice. The "mass of labour," the "rank and file," is a myth. It is as poor a bet as are the salaried officials, holding down the lid. The vast majority of men in the ranks of labour, as in the rest of the community, work dully, return home to the wife and kiddies and think not at all. Movements are inert masses, driven and steered by a vigorous minority. Labour is in the hands of its 100,000 "non-commissioned officers"—the annually elected branch officials and shop stewards. These men are the industrial and political masters of trade unionism. There are a half-dozen nerve centres that spread their threads through this group. The Irish must tackle this 100,000 and win them.

A back-door nuisance must be lifted into an international scandal.

R. M. FORD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE LURE OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

SIRS: Your recent editorial on the lure of the Canadian North-west for the harassed farmers of these United States makes me think that you will be interested to know that a very attractive full-page advertisement has been appearing lately in several of our mid-western newspapers offering extraordinary inducements to American farmers to pull up their tent-pegs and cross the border into Canada. They are told by the advertiser—the largest land-owning monopoly in the world, by the way—that it is interested in the proper upbuilding of Western Canada, and the invitation it extends is to the individual farmer—"to real, honest-to-goodness sincere people who come to make good." Our farmers are urged in this advertisement to compare the possibilities of investment and profit with those of farm lands in their own neighbourhoods. Then comes the special attraction, which the Company neatly sets forth as follows:

That Western Canada is hospitable and encouraging to settlers can be seen in its system of taxation. A small levy is made on land; and none at all on buildings, improvements, implements, machinery, stock, or personal property.

Obviously this is the real bait; the rest is mere feathers and paint. This same bait has been dangled before our farmers for many years, and statistics show that Canada has by her system of taxation landed them by tens of thousands. No taxes on buildings, improvements, implements, machinery, stock, or personal property—that is the lure which draws our people from high-priced land and heavy tax-penalties upon their labour, to these north-western Provinces of Canada. And yet in this country we have the right of establishing our own system of taxation. Perhaps our farmers will some day consider it to be worth their while to say, as the farmers of Canada have already said in plain terms, whether they prefer to be taxed on their industry or on the capital value of their land. I am, etc. J. H.

THE DECAY OF PARLIAMENTARY INSTITUTIONS.

SIRS: From a Scots friend of mine comes a striking confirmation of the opinion expressed by Journeyman's correspondent, quoted in your current issue, as to the decay of public confidence in representative institutions in Britain. A parliamentary by-election took place recently in Argyllshire. The Coalition candidate received a handsome majority over his Labour opponent, but it is significant of much that in a hotly contested by-election at a time of political crisis like the present, out of a total electorate of 28,293 (of whom 10,482 are women) only 15,685 took the trouble to go to the poll—roughly only fifty-five per cent. I am, etc. R. R.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH.

SIRS: Your readers may be interested in three fellowships of an unusual kind offered by the New School for Social Research. The purpose of these fellowships is to enable men or women of proved capacity for constructive work in the social sciences to devote their whole time for at least one year to research. The stipend is \$2000 per annum.

Applicants are requested to send the Committee letters stating their records, training and experience, and describing as completely as feasible their subjects and programmes of work. Printed or written evidence of the quality of the applicant's work and such other documents as may be pertinent should accompany the letters. The last day for receiving applications will be 1st May, 1920. Successful applicants will be expected to be in residence at the New School during the period of tenure. Further information may be had from, and applications should be mailed to, the undersigned at 465 West 23rd Street, New York. We are, etc.

HORACE M. KALLEN,
WESLEY C. MITCHELL, *Committee.*

BOY, PAGE MR. PECKSNIFF.

SIRS: Your attitude on navalism as indicated in the admirable editorial in your issue of 7 April makes me think that you, and those of your readers who agree with you, will appreciate (perhaps enjoy is the better word) the following excerpt from a speech made by Mr. Walter Long, the Secretary of the Navy, in the House of Commons on 23 March:

In regard to a question which had been asked about the use of submarines, the Admiralty has never concealed its view that it is a horrible form of naval warfare and nothing would give the Admiralty greater pleasure than that it should be 'turned down' if that were practical policy . . . The subject had been fully discussed at the peace conference in Paris. It must be remembered that it was easier for small and poor countries to protect themselves by a fleet of submarines than by battleships and cruisers, and that to such countries submarines were therefore the more attractive form of protection. The question was one for small nations rather than for large countries, and the small countries were entitled to consideration . . . The Admiralty would rejoice if it were possible to abolish submarine warfare; it was not the British form (Hear, hear).

Here we have yet another instance of a great Power generously sacrificing itself for the sake of small nationalities. I am, etc. A. J. B.

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN.

SIRS: Let me register my appreciation of—and more my gratitude for—your clear-seeing articles on the Irish question and on Anglo-American relations. I earnestly hope some friend of all three parties to the problem—Britain, America and Ireland—will see to it that Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British Ambassador, is given an opportunity to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the truths contained within your pages. I must confess that I do not derive much com-

fort or hope from such indications as I have seen of Sir Auckland's view-point on Ireland. Take for instance his speech at the Pilgrims' dinner held in London a few days before his departure for Washington. After a few generous after-dinner platitudes the London *Times* reports him as saying:

I cannot sit down without recalling that this is St. Patrick's day and that this morning in my own household the first thing I saw was my wife dividing up the shamrock which she got for herself, for the children and for the Irish members of the household staff.

Really now, is this the best indication the Ambassador can give us of his position on this vexed question? We ask for bread and he gives us—shamrock. I am, etc.

Boston, Mass.

JOHN LONG.

"PASS, FRIEND."

SIRS: It is my humble Petition that the Editors of the *Freeman* give no heed to the Taunts, Gybes and Mutterings of divers orthographick *Start-ups* who are forever meddling with that Noble Language so enriched by the Genius of Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare. After such Barbarick Turns as "tho," "thru" and "traveler" for "though," "through" and "traveller," it is as Musick to mine Eyes to recognise "Labour," "Humour" and other verbal Joys. Verily, more Nourishment find I in your Return to Leisure and Elegance of writing than in the Digestion of New England Pye. Reck nought of the Carpers and Cavillers. Let them have the Shooe, if the Boot be not nigh. Right sagely singeth the Bard of Twickenham:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

I am, etc.

JOHN SPELLWELL.

POETRY.

TO THE KNIGHTS OF LAUGHTER.

Some scourge the world with fiery words,
And there be those that fast and pray,
And those who with relentless swords
The ills of mankind would allay.
A toast to Laughter's knights, milords,
Whose driven shafts kept Sham at bay:
(More gallant souls no time affords,
Molière, Voltaire and Rabelais!

Beneath the onslaughts of their mirth
Fraud's ancient bulwarks fell away;
Their challenge welcomed Truth's re-birth
And Superstition's swift decay.
They purged black maladies from earth;
They heralded a saner day;
Eternity shall gauge their worth,
Molière, Voltaire and Rabelais!

And he who wrought a flashing blade
Of Ridicule wherewith to slay
False chivalry, and unafraid
To strip its panoplied array,
Cervantes, whom the accolade
Of Mirth acclaims her knight for aye
To these a fitting peer is made:
Molière, Voltaire and Rabelais!

And all that gallant lesser host
Who stood their ground without dismay
And parried Evil's cruel boast
With stinging jest and satire gay,
Their wit shall live when but the ghost
Survives of that they sought to slay;
To such our homage when we toast
Molière, Voltaire and Rabelais.

L'Envoi

Messieurs, thrones totter, empires fall,
But tonic Laughter rules for aye
Through uncrowned monarchs—Titans all—
Molière, Voltaire and Rabelais!

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

SCULPTURE.

PAUL MANSHIP'S VISION.

IN his bust of John D. Rockefeller now on exhibition in New York, Paul Manship has given us a work that will be remembered long after the Rockefeller bequests to universities and institutes are forgotten. Rarely is such exquisite workmanship to be found; the delicacy and finesse never for a moment lose surety of touch. Sincerity and candour are expressed in every line. It is the most penetrating and courageous portrait that has been produced by a sculptor for many a long day. It is a revelation of consummate artistry founded upon a large sense of drama and characterization. Here is something of which American art can justly be proud.

After studying Sargent's portraits of John D. Rockefeller, the bust by Paul Manship comes as a revelation of the possibilities of expressing in marble the complexities of lineament and character. The Sargent portraits give something too much of the philanthropist and the repose of the self-satisfied Baptist; they discover a man whose interesting past has been washed away in the godliness of large bequests. There is, however, something more to be observed in this subject than merely a well-groomed benevolent gentleman of great age enjoying his ripe years in hard-earned repose. It is one thing to depict the characteristics of a subject at a phase of life which is altogether exceptional, and so create an impression that the mood and period selected by the artist are typical. This is what is usually done, but it is never satisfactory, for each life has its own drama, its own conflicts, defeats and triumphs, and the test of the artist's power comes in his appreciation of the traits and characteristics which have been instrumental in producing the whole man. This is what Paul Manship has succeeded in doing—he brings the whole man before us; he has dramatized the life of John D. Rockefeller.

Even to the choice of the colour and tone of the stone, which has a sear and yellow note, Manship has succeeded in obtaining astonishing completeness. The head, confidently poised, is set forward from the broad, round shoulders which slope gracefully away to the lithe arms. The right shoulder seems to be raised, and is somewhat shorter than the left. Indeed the right side of the bust reveals the tense determination of the man. It is indicative of a concentration of nervous energy which has been the propelling force of his career. In strange contrast to the head, so full of interest, the neatness of the clothes, the prim collar, and the tidy cravat, give an appearance of sleekness. The head has nobility—is well-balanced and has great depth and breadth, though there is a squareness about it which tells of obduracy, power of concentration, acquisitiveness. The expansion from the temples back over the ears is quite extraordinary. The temples are sunken, the cheek bones high with a fullness extending far towards the nostrils. The nose is Roman, the nostrils Gallic almost in their delicacy, and *retroussé*. But with the nose, as with every separate feature of this strangely fascinating face, there is found much more than form; there is something ferret-like about it, the wide-open nostrils seem to be scenting prey from afar. The upper lip, long and thin, emphasizes remarkably two strong, protruding muscles tapering down to its centre which seems to sag beneath their weight. Animal-like it overhangs the chin, and reveals a strange note of ferocity. The lower lip is also

thin, with a feminine fineness and delicacy; here is all the cold, calculating power of the woman who will take what she wants no matter what the cost may be. From this beautifully modelled bow there is a slight recession in a chin of no great depth or strength. The notes here are feline in their quality; it is a beautiful chin, almost youthful, yet it adds no gracious quality to the face taken as a whole. The ears are the strangest that mortal ever possessed; turn them upside down and they are the ears of the fox. The wrinkled flesh falls from a sunken spot in the right cheek over the jaw where it joins the chin; the lines of care, determination, and tenacity show more on the right side than on the left, but nothing has disturbed the firmness and smoothness of the upper lip, the mouth and chin. The main muscles of the front neck are distended, and suggest the man's great power of swallowing severe criticism and contemptuous opinion; all emotions seem suppressed by grim intellectual restraint. The eyes look far over the obstacles which have stood in his way. They see the goal shining in the distance; they stare into the future, cold, heartless, merciless, with a penetration that amounts to certainty; they are the eyes of a remorseless mathematician calculating every problem to a nicety and forecasting every difficulty. The brows are raised, for nothing must cast a shadow across that vision, indeed the brows seem to recede at the very point where the pupils of the eyes glare straight ahead. The bust carries in it absolutely nothing that strikes the note of human sympathy; it is barren of everything that is lovable. Here is intellectual force carried to the extreme, without compassion, without mercy. It is extraordinary how so much that is delicate and refined in line and poise can make up an ensemble that is so sinister and forbidding.

Nothing reveals the emptiness of success so much as this face. The Phoenicians might have placed this on the altar they raised to Mammon, the god of ill-gotten gains.

MISCELLANY.

MR. VINCENT CRUMMLES would have liked Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore whose brass band edified our fathers. We have a vague memory of his music "festivals" in huge armouries, with augmented personnel and with real anvils for the climactic item on the programme. A generation has passed, but some of our artistic mentors still seem to think that a painting is great in proportion to the size of the canvas. New York has just gone through another festival, a sort of "old home week" of music. No need to enumerate details; it is enough to record that Casals and Heifetz played the Brahms double-concerto in an armoury. Ye gods!—a Tanagra figure in a slaughter house! We still have far to travel. Galli-Curci, singing mad-songs off key, may crowd the Hippodrome while a handful worship at the shrine of a string quartette around the corner. In an estimate of the musical season whose death rattle may still be heard, thousands will acclaim a tawdry scissors-and-paste new opera, to the hundreds who will preserve as a rare memory the seven piano recitals of Richard Buhlig. If reverence and audacity can be combined, it was done in this series that proceeded from Bach to Beethoven, through the gallery of epoch-making masters, and culminated in the greatest of moderns, Beethoven. There have been many "historical" series, so called because of chronological sequence. Buhlig's achievement was of a higher order; time had no part in his scheme; it was as if he tried to present the body and spirit of piano music. Necessarily he omitted contemporaneous composers but the price was a low one to pay for the joy of hearing all of the later Beethoven sonatas. The Nos. 90, 101, 110 and 111 made

up the last programme; 106 and 109 had already been heard. Perhaps, after all, it is a sign of progress that there are with us artists to proffer such fare for the soul.

Few American libraries escape the jibe which a university professor once leveled at the building which dominates Columbia's campus: it has room enough for anything but books. Indeed it is difficult to determine for whom the great edifices in Washington and New York and Boston were built. The sole person the architects have borne constantly in mind is the sightseer, and the chief impression they have sought to convey is that of pecuniary magnitude. Most of our library architecture is calculated to roll smoothly out of the guidebook in round figures. Walls so thick, columns so high, decorations so lavish, total expense so many hundred thousands: the building is a statistical achievement. At the last moment the architect remembers that his Roman bath or his Florentine palace must have a place for books. In consternation he remembers the books. It is nothing short of an architectural infamy that a building which lends itself to elegant statistical exposure should have to turn itself to the vulgar uses of the scholar and the student. Books! . . . Books!

In the interstices of his stately halls and stairs the library architect painfully contrives to place bookshelves and reading desks. A part of the building that might have been a promenade becomes a reading room; and another section that might have been an art gallery is transformed into a stack-room. The fine integrity of the bath and the palace is lost. Upon his spacious plan the architect forces himself to superimpose a system for storing books and applying for books and conveying books, and because this part of the design grossly lacks any archaeological interest the resulting arrangements produce characteristically a minimum of convenience with a maximum of fricative confusion. A good reading room would be sound-proof and isolated: books would be charged and received and expedited in a second chamber: and personal consultation would take place in a third. The atmosphere would not be that of a corridor but of a cloister. Good reading rooms, alas! do not exist: what we have instead are picturesque attempts to imitate the bad features of European library architecture. It matters not to the architect that his domed reproduction of the British Museum reading room may be feebly lighted, cramped, and given to a magnification of noise. The sightseers do not mind that. What difference does it make—to the sightseers?

Few people care to read in the bustle of a metropolitan library corridor. But the architects, it must be confessed, do the halls magnificently, and if the rest of the building served the scholar as well as the passageways, academic research might become a more ingratiating pastime. Sit in the patio of the library in Copley Square on a summer's afternoon and watch the splashing icy fountain play; catch the dusky vista of Fifth Avenue from the arched balcony on the second floor of the New York Library some early winter evening before the lights are turned on; or escape from the dazzling sunlight of a spring morning to peer between the dark onyx columns into the subdued interior of the Columbia reading room. You will find that our libraries occasionally achieve æsthetic effects which the guidebooks fail lamentably to appraise by their references to walls so thick, columns so high, decorations so lavish, and so forth. It seems to me, however, that the balance between scholastic and æsthetic interests might be more nicely held. Lighting, for example, is a conspicuous failure in most libraries, and the mushroom patch of lamps that so frequently covers the reading room tables is never an æsthetic achievement. It may be too early, perhaps, to call upon the architect, or his assistant the interior decorator, to

design tables with grooves that will keep a pencil from falling off; too early, likewise, to insist upon the convenience of chairs with a writing arm upon which notes may conveniently be made without shifting one's position. But some day, I warrant, the requirements of the student will be as zealously consulted as the interests of the sightseer, and the days of corridor architecture and guidebook decoration will pass away.

A LETTER that I received from the south of France the other day, shows that the French bankers still have a soft spot in their hearts for their old broken-down client of happier days, the Russian nobility—bad investment though the Soviets have made him:

I met Admiral Petroff of the Black Sea Fleet in a second-class tram-car the other night. I was with Prince Wolkonsky; we were bringing home the vegetables for dinner. The Admiral had some eggs—quite a luxury. We talked about the situation, which the monarchists consider hopeless, although the French banks continue to lend quite large sums of money on the security of pre-revolution wealth. M—— arranged for a loan of 3000 francs a month, the other day, on the strength of her past fortune, which has been annexed; the loan to continue a year at least. How the French banks think they will pay themselves, I don't know. Big firms in Paris, such as Docillet, Lanvin, etc., are allowing some of their old Russian clients ten years credit! So M—— still has her frocks from Paris, although she has no financial outlook at all.

THERE was a fine old row when the shareholders of the corporation of the Royal Albert Hall held their forty-ninth annual meeting in London a few weeks ago. Many were the indignant protests against the renting of the hall for what were described as "revolutionary purposes." One gentleman reminded the meeting that the hall "was opened by Queen Victoria, of glorious memory, to commemorate her gracious husband" and he did not think her late Majesty would have approved of many of the gatherings that had occupied the building during the past year. Another seat-holder complained that at several meetings "The Red Flag" was sung and disloyal things said against the King and the Government. Lord Pembroke, however, pointed out that it was difficult for the directors to refuse the hall to a section of the community who, on the face of it, were law-abiding citizens, but in some circumstances became "excitable demagogues drunk with their own verbosity." The hall had not been let for any of these meetings without previously consulting the Government authorities. In most cases the authorities had expressed no desire to interfere, and in other cases they had said in effect, "Do as you like." The chairman gave it as his opinion that by closing the hall, they would be trying to stop people from airing their views in public, and the result would be many more disturbances. The Government, he took it, was also of that view. That is the way they do the thing in England, and behold the British Palmers, Sweets and Lusk are happily prevented from making fools of themselves.

AND of course there are always those astonishing soap-boxers in Hyde Park. A year or two before the war a well-known American paid a visit to this famous open forum under the trees. The orators were at it hammer and tongs. He passed from platform to platform gathering snatches of doctrine that "would not be tolerated for a moment in the land of the free," as he said in describing the experience to his friends at home. At one platform, to his utter amazement, a red-hot republican was denouncing with vitrolous wit the royal house of Windsor (or Hanover as it was in those unregenerate days), while nearby stood an august guardian of the law, as unconcerned as the Marble Arch itself. The indignant American asked the policeman what he thought about it. "Oh that's the way we let 'em blow off steam, sir," said he.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

AN absurd player in an even more absurd play recently came to one of New York's leading theatres, after a preliminary tour reputed to have been enormously profitable, especially in that city of culture and Coolidge, Boston. Theda Bara in "The Blue Flame"—so read the announcements. It is to the credit of New York that even the hilarious absurdity of the acting and the action could not quite overcome the sense of insult at the debasement of a first class playhouse, and "The Blue Flame" has flickered low on Broadway. The whole incident, however, would not be worthy of serious consideration if it were not for the underlying implications.

Theda Bara is a famous movie-actress, the queen, indeed, of the "vamps" (no wonder Kipling wishes he had never written that poem, with its refrain pilfered from the Sacred Books of the East!); and "The Blue Flame" is nothing at all but a typical—alas! too typical—movie-story translated into spoken drama, or shall we say, into "the speakies?" That Baltimore and Boston mobs rushed to see her, and endured the indescribable absurdity and vulgarity of the play, is a sad commentary on the degree of fame a screen-player can achieve without artistic equipment, and the degree of æsthetic callousness acquired by audiences whose chief fare is the "silent drama." And Boston, too—the home once of the old Museum, the scene for fifty years of William Warren's labours! It almost explains Coolidge. But we digress. The real point is not that a movie-actress tries to act, in a play made after the fashion of her screen triumphs, but that she is permitted to try it in our best theatres, and to the exclusion of our real players. Miss Margaret Anglin, for instance, has been unable to get into New York this season. Yet Theda Bara comes in at will!

What does this mean? George Jean Nathan, in the April *Smart Set*, says it means the hooligan is at the gate. He paints a gloomy picture of the future, a future in which all managers will produce plays with an eye chiefly to their subsequent use as movies; that many managers are even doing so to-day, that the terrible blight of the screen will wither whatever of true art and honest purpose our theatre possesses. Were it not for the fact that the drama is not ultimately dependent on Broadway playhouses, that crushed to earth in one place, it will rise somewhere else, this prophecy might without much difficulty be accepted by all who know what conditions actually are to-day. In the first place, the large-scale theatrical producers are nearly all now interested, financially if not actively, in motion-picture concerns. In the second place, the motion-picture concerns, driven by the necessity of constant and enormous production, are desperate for material and are willing to pay what seem fabulous sums for spoken plays, to turn into screen dramas. It is by no means uncommon at present for a playwright to make more from his "motion-picture rights" than from his royalties on the original production. Some movie-concerns have even reached the point of arranging to produce spoken drama themselves, in order to establish reputations for subsequent movies. Needless to say, they will, as producers, mount chiefly those plays which promise to "come over" well into the other medium. That means they will ignore all the more serious forms of drama, as well as ignoring the theatre altogether for its own sake. From producing plays is but a step to acquiring the physical

control of the theatres to produce them in. Once that is accomplished—and already it is on the way—the artist of the theatre, who respects his craft as a noble calling, will find himself outcast and forlorn.

Nor does the matter stop here. The motion-picture producers are luring dramatists directly into their studios, with the bait of gold. Maeterlinck (who once wrote of the static drama!), Booth Tarkington, Thomson Buchanan, among several, are now busily at work. Others hope to be; and most others write their spoken plays to-day not with an eye solely to the theatre, but looking ahead to those golden "motion picture rights." What that means is only too obvious: they crowd in melodrama, they heap up farce, they seek the cheap, the lurid, the obvious appeal which can be gained by physical action (which alone is capable of being photographed). Nor does it stop with the stage. Any author of fiction to-day, who has but the slightest acquaintance with members of his craft, can tell you of huge sums received for the motion picture rights to novel or story, when it was of the requisite calibre, and no sale made at all when novel or story traversed the quieter ways of sober truth and beauty, or sought the deeper appeal to the intelligence. The result is, of course, that our more popular authors, no less than their brother dramatists, are writing with at least an eye and a half on the dangling golden bait, and cheapening their product thereby. The trail of the movies is over them all. Mr. Nathan is wrong in placing the hooligan at the gate. He is being warmly entertained in the bosom of the citadel, aye, even in its ivory towers!

However, all the true artists are not going to cease following truth and beauty because the crowd is selling out to Mammon. Those who continue to write honestly for print will probably not suffer at all, since a book does not have to be read in a public auditorium. Those who write honestly for the stage, along with the true actors and producing artists, may conceivably have a hard time of it in the perhaps not distant future, until conditions are readjusted and certain theatres emerge, or new theatres are built, which will stand steadfast by the ancient trust. They *will* emerge, or they will be built. In the interim, it must be admitted, the sheep and the goats will very likely appear to be hopelessly confused—the beginnings of the confusion already being apparent—and our theatre, viewed as a whole, without the mark of coming cleavage yet discernible, will seem a welter of inanity, a waste of movies become vocal and uttering the kind of rot you would expect from them. If you don't know what to expect, go see "The Blue Flame."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

BOOKS.

THE GREAT SWINDLE.

How many thousand dear old ladies of both sexes cut out Philip Gibbs' dispatches during the war and pasted them into albums! "He has such a sweet face!" they said, sticking atrocious newspaper representations of him in the front pages of those albums. Later, their adoration was rewarded when he came over. They filled the Carnegie Halls of many cities and stared through opera glasses at that frail figure with a white face from which came a silver voice like a muted bugle, carrying to the uttermost back seat.

And after crowding behind to try to stroke the lion's mane, they returned to a million homes still declaiming of his "sweetness." They were right. Philip Gibbs told of brave deeds, of trench comedies, little human notes

ringing true here and there beneath the deep bourdon of world massacre for those whose ears were attuned. To all those victors whose reactions to war were second-hand, coated with the glamour of spick and span parades, to whom distance lent the proverbial enchantment, those eulogies of bravery were a personal tribute. "Our boys did those things!" they said. "Our sons are heroes. We are the fathers and mothers of heroes and added much to their making!" They glowed with personal pride and went home with that comfortable feeling of having personally won the war, and said once more, "He is so sweet!"

But the others, we who year after year had lain lousy in bombarded shell holes, we who had journeyed to the ultimate ends of fear and beyond, we who had come back—we heard him restlessly. "You are camouflaging!" we cried accusingly. "You are giving them what they want, pretty tales of courage and optimism. Break down this damned conspiracy of silence! Let us have the truth, the *whole* truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God!"

Philip Gibbs heard.

He has broken through the secret treaty formed by the press, the publishers, the magazine editors, who, on the day of the armistice said, "No more war stuff!" Only giants might defy that ring—Foch, Ludendorff, Jellicoe, Philip Gibbs.

Thank God that at last Philip Gibbs has broken the shackles of censorship, of public opinion. "Now It Can Be Told" (Harpers) is not a "sweet" book. The dear old ladies will not find the accustomed sugar coating to *this* literary pill! No longer bound by an oath of subservience to a cause which, taking in vain the names of liberty and democracy, spewed forth mangled things that once were men, he has gone beyond the mere incidents of war and placed his finger upon the great fundamental causes, upon the gigantic untruths that created five years of hell for the youth of the world, that shifted the centre of civilization as the earth is supposed to have shifted upon its axis.

One would like to place a vast sign at the crossroads of life with "Stop! Look! Listen!" upon it and distribute to every individual of mankind a copy of this book. One would like to think that it would be read and that as a result mankind would adopt the self-discipline which is the only road to progress. "But," you say, "once upon a time there was a man called Jesus Christ. He preached that sort of dope!"

Well, perhaps they will crucify Philip Gibbs. According to present governmental standards he deserves it just as much. The modern Pilates and Gallios—to say nothing of the mob, who are just as easily swayed today as then—don't like to read this sort of thing.

Modern civilization was wrecked on those fire-blasted fields, though they led to what we called "Victory." More died there than the flower of our youth and German manhood. The Old Order of the world died there, because many men who came alive out of that conflict were changed, and vowed not to tolerate a system of thought which had led up to such a monstrous massacre of human beings who prayed to the same God, loved the same joys of life, and had no hatred of one another except as it had been lighted and inflamed by their governors, their philosophers, and their newspapers. The German soldier cursed the militarism which had plunged him into that horror. The British soldier cursed the German as the direct cause of all his trouble, but looked back on his side of the lines and saw an evil there which was also his enemy—the evil of a secret diplomacy which juggled with the lives of humble men so that war might be sprung upon them without their knowledge or consent, and the evil of rulers who hated German militarism not because of its wickedness but because of its strength in rivalry, and the evil of a folly in the minds of men which had taught them to regard war as a glorious adventure, and patriotism as the right to dominate other peoples, and liberty as a catchword of politicians in search of power. . . . The ideas of vast masses of men have been revolutionized by the thoughts that were stirred up in them during those years of intense suffering. No system of government designed

by men afraid of the new ideas will have power to kill them, though they may throttle them for a time. . . . If the new ideas are thwarted by reactionary rulers endeavouring to jerk the world back to its old-fashioned discipline under their authority, there will be anarchy reaching to the heights of terror in more countries than those where anarchy now prevails. If by fear or by wisdom the new ideas are allowed to gain their ground gradually, a revolution will be accomplished without anarchy. But in any case, or good or ill, a revolution will happen. It has happened in the sense that already there is no resemblance between this Europe after-the-war and that Europe before-the-war, in the mental attitude of the masses toward the problem of life. . . . The old gangs are organizing a new system of defense, building a new kind of Hindenburg line behind which they are dumping their political ammunition. But their Hindenburg line is not impregnable. The angry murmur of the mob—highly organized, disciplined, passionate, trained to fight, is already approaching the outer bastions.

Upsetting and disturbing, coming from a popular idol! The old ladies at Westminster and elsewhere will suffer renewed attacks of that complaint variously labelled in war days "alarm and despondency" or "wind up." They never thought that behind that mask of poetic optimism, worn like khaki for four and a half years, there was the brain of a student of history and psychology, the observative faculties of a lynx and the analytical powers of a scientific chemist. In all the five hundred pages of this book the author has given us his real self, his real reactions to that dire reality which even now has assumed the aspect of an unreal nightmare to all but those who are maimed for life and those others, a poignant minority, whose souls were seared with the branding iron. To them, reading this book, will come again the cold, clammy sweat of conquered fear, the emotional cyclone of going over the top, the bitter realization, doubly bitter now, of the futility of it all that made one cry aloud to a Christ in whom one had ceased to believe. Perhaps for a year now they have tried to forget, to centre their attention upon some new objective that leads away from those five awful years. If they read this book it will all come back to the last horrible detail. There is no forgetting. Time may form a thin crust upon memory, but the branding iron went too deep. The war-makers, the profiteers and the last-ditchers do not know this, just as they did not know war, just as the rubber-necks who are swarming across the battlefields might have saved themselves money if they had gone to the Capitol and watched a Griffiths film, for all they will see of war's reality. But for them Philip Gibbs' book is the writing on the wall. In an ever-narrowing circle he throws the searchlights of truth upon the great swindle. Already some of the reactionary press have taken their stand. They have patted Gibbs on the head and said, "Poor little man, he's got war on the brain!" Outwardly at least, for the purposes of preparing that capitalist Hindenburg line, they will disregard him, adopting what Upton Sinclair calls the policy of the concrete wall; but when it comes to a show-down, Philip Gibbs, like the Socialists of Germany, will be one of the first to be sent into the barrage.

A. HAMILTON GIBBS.

SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE.

NEW YORK is always entertaining angels unawares. At any given moment it is the literary capital of half a dozen countries; yet how many of the gods in exile, the poets and prophets of Syria and Brazil, Finland, Siam and Zanzibar who abide there for a year and a day ever rise into its upper consciousness? The illogicality of mob sentiment sends the reporters flocking to Sandy Hook when a Blasco Ibáñez sails in, and lets a Rubén Darío slip through the city all but unrecognized; and while trumpery native geniuses triumph on Broadway many a true spokesman of humanity shares the incredible obscurity of the Yiddish writers of the East Side. A literary investigator more interested in mankind than in the accident of race would surprise himself if he set out to discover the resources of the prodigal city.

Spanish-American writers especially, so often the victims of revolution, have gathered in New York, and it is natural that they should have been oppressed by the indifference of this country toward their own. Spain, as the names of Irving, Ticknor, Prescott, Lowell and John Hay prove, has always held the American imagination; even commercially and sociologically, our interest in South America is but slight and recent. Yet it was an American, Mr. Alfred Coester, who, in 1916, published the first literary history of Spanish-America, a book that leaves lasting impressions behind it, and now Mr. Isaac Goldberg tells us that he means to follow up his present volume of pioneer studies¹ with a series of others on contemporary South American writers of distinction. The general attitude of these writers towards the United States is one of fear and hostility, though Darío in his later days came to feel that the South Americans, with their "weakness for rhetoric and ostentation," might learn much from the North of "constancy, strength, character;" and Mr. Goldberg, obliged again and again to face this attitude, urges that in the direction of understanding and reconciliation "a little more literature and much less politics will go a long way." It is a pity that among the more or less futile activities of the Pan-American movement no systematic effort has been made to present our renaissance literature to the South Americans. Their writers, who are all definitely oriented politically and are active journalists as a rule, have, as members of an educated minority, more influence than our own over public opinion. To the end of a true entente between the Americas it is they who should be approached, not the merchants and the politicians. Similarly, there should be in this country a Spanish-American Foundation, like the Scandinavian Foundation, to popularize in attractive form the most illuminating examples of South American literature.

In a general way Mr. Goldberg's book begins where Mr. Coester's left off. He is concerned with the *Modernista* movement; he offers an explanatory introduction to this movement, with brief sketches of half a dozen of its precursors, followed by detailed essays on five of the principal writers of the last thirty years. "Our tongue," said the Spanish critic Unamuno, "speaks things to us from beyond the great sea that it never spoke here." It was true: the new idiom of Spanish poetry came from France through South America, but the Parnassians, the Symbolists and the Decadents merely opened the gate through which passed into the Spanish-American spirit all the vivifying influences of the modern world, Heine, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Whitman. This current of cosmopolitan feeling had as its first result the widening and enrichment of the poetic language, habituated, as Darío said, to "the eternal Spanish cliché of the Golden Age." Secondly, it led to the abandonment of provincial attitudes, to "literary Americanism," the evolution, that is to say, of a continental consciousness such as the liberator Bolívar had dreamed of, a consciousness that contains for many the promise of a political unity. In both these respects, one observes, the liberation of the poetic language and the deprovincialization of the literary attitude, the modernist movement of Spanish America runs parallel with the contemporary movement in this country.

Of the five writers discussed at length by Mr. Goldberg, two only emerge with great distinctness. This may be due to what almost inevitably appears to the Northern mind as a certain magniloquent rhetorical uniformity in these grandchildren of Victor Hugo. As for Rufino Blanco-Fombona, he is a man of such bewildering versatility that one can hardly be expected to seize him even in a sketch of fifty pages. One apprehends a retired Benvenuto Cellini, a peace-loving bourgeois of Madrid, conducting his Spanish-American publishing bureau, amplifying in work after work the great legend of Bolívar, living again in his novels and poems the experiences of his insurrectionary youth. It is Rubén Darío, quite naturally, who stands out most vividly among these characters. But as Darío is already well-known in this

country, one is perhaps more Mr. Goldberg's debtor for the brilliant chapter on the Uruguayan essayist, José Enrique Rodó.

It was Darío's achievement, in Mr. Goldberg's words, to have "crystallized an epoch, transformed a language, infused new life into the Castilian muse, and retained his own personality while absorbing all the currents that appeared during his career." Born in 1867, he was at fourteen, already known throughout the South American republics as a boy poet, a journalist and a teacher of grammar. His precocity, his versatility, his facility, his knowledge of literature were astounding. Leaving his native Nicaragua after an unhappy love-affair, he sailed for Chile. "The ship reaches Valparaíso," he writes in his autobiography. "I purchase a newspaper. I learn that Vicuña Mackenna has died. In twenty minutes, before disembarking, I write an article. I land. The same thing as at El Salvador. What hotel? The best." That is typical of his life and temperament. A perpetual wanderer, at home perhaps only in Paris, diplomat, lover, epicurean, a mercurial spirit, agitated, vacillating, and at his early end profoundly disillusioned, he spans in his mental development the whole course of the modernist movement. At first, the contemptuous aristocrat, he is interested only in his sensations: a disciple of the Parnassians, he occupies himself with problems of technique, the use of adjectives, methods of syntax, metrical innovations, the expanding of the expressional powers of Castilian prose and verse. Then, following the Spanish-American War, comes his call to those of Spanish race to cast off their sloth, diffidence and apathy, the famous ode to Roosevelt with its threat to the imperialism of the North, the series of great polyphonic hymns of his later years, recalling at once Hugo, Whitman and Swinburne, the poems that brought him his renown in the old Spain as well as in the new. For all the breadth of his humanity and the internationalism of his later outlook, however, he leaves upon one's mind the impression rather of a brilliant virtuosity than of the meat and drink for which we hunger and which we find in the writers of northern Europe. Through its fiction and its thought rather than through its poetry, one feels, we Americans (who monopolize this name because we alone can find no substitute) can best approach the spirit of the southern continent.

Perhaps that is why the figure of José Enrique Rodó (1872-1917) is so appealing. The philosophy of this native of Montevideo, who never left Uruguay till the last year of his life (he died in Sicily), this philosophy of a warmer and more modern Emerson, is singularly sympathetic. He is, says Mr. Goldberg, "the philosopher not only of modernism, but of eternal youth in the realm of thought." His talisman is the phrase "self-renewal is life"; with this, in a series of serene and luminous essays, he approaches the problems of literary criticism, aesthetics, education and sociology. In "Ariel," the intellectual breviary, as it has been called, of Spanish-American youth, he counsels his contemporaries, in the name of a future democracy that shall unite the feeling of equality with a respect for spiritual selection and culture, to consecrate part of their lives to the non-material. Ariel, in his vision, ever triumphs over the temporary victories of Caliban. In the "Motivos de Proteo" he adumbrates the spirit of eternal change guided by the unity of a dominant personality: "He who lives rationally," says Rodó, "is he who, aware of the incessant activity of change, tries each day to obtain a clear notion of his internal state and of the transformations that have occurred in the objects that surround him, and in accordance with this knowledge directs his thoughts and his acts." Upon this conception of the fluidity of self is based his idea of education: "As long as we live, our personality is upon the anvil. . . . We must try, in the intellectual field, never to diminish or to lose completely our interest, the child's curiosity, that alertness of fresh ingenuous attention and the stimulus which is born of knowing oneself ignorant since we are always that." That human personality is vibrant with numberless potentialities, that the social

¹ "Studies in Spanish-American Literature." Isaac Goldberg. New York: Brentano's.

personality also contains countless latent gifts that never come to the light, should be, in his view, the determining thought in education and economic reform. A philosophy, "like the light of each dawn, a new thing, because it is born, not of a logical formalism, but from the living, seething bosom of a soul," such is this proteanism of Rodó, a body of thought, a body of beautiful prose, as Mr. Goldberg suggests it, that ought to be presented to the countrymen of William James.

V. W. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

A RECENT issue of the San Francisco *Examiner* contains what appears to be the first authentic account of the death of Ambrose Bierce. It is well known that Bierce went to Mexico in 1914 in the hope of experiencing once more the military life that had left such a profound impression on his spirit from the days of the Civil War: "I want to die in battle," he told a friend; "if I cannot do that I want to find a lonely hole in the mountains and die there, unobserved of mankind." After waiting for some time he finally became attached to the Carranza forces as a military expert, and the last report of him—in 1915—was that he had left Torreon with a mule train bearing a shipment of arms. This party was waylaid by Villistas and some of its members were killed.

As Bierce was never seen again it was presumed that he was among those who were shot. This is the story which Mr. James H. Wilkins, writing in the *Examiner*, confirms. Mr. Wilkins succeeded in tracing in Mexico City a young Mexican who, although a Carranzista, had been attached to the Villa forces at the time of the break between the two leaders and who was present at the attack on the mule train. In confirmation of his story, he produced a photograph of Bierce which he had taken from the pocket of the murdered man. The chain of evidence, to Mr. Wilkins' mind, was thus complete. According to his informant, two prisoners were taken, one an elderly American, the other an Indian muleteer. The American was of more than average height, of military bearing, with full curly white hair and a ruddy complexion. "A one-eyed man," the Mexican said, "would have known this was a person of distinction." Both the prisoners, as ammunition-escorts, were sentenced to instant death. The Indian dropped to his knees before the firing-squad; the American stood for a moment, apparently in doubt, then straightened his figure, folded his arms and waited.

BIERCE presents to the psychologist one of the most interesting problems in American letters. An Anglophile who spent the greater part of his mature life in the service of that "amusing demagogue," as he called him, Mr. Hearst, an aristocrat of the word who made his bread by journalism, a wit born among humourists, a man of the world who chose to live in the boasting, booming atmosphere of pioneerdom, he violated his nature at so many points and for so many years that one can easily understand his vitriolic cynicism. He belongs to the great regiment of gifted Americans of the last half century who have met at every turn the warning "not wanted." They have erected the cynic into a national type.

THERE is a very remarkable portrait of Bierce in the window of a bookseller in San Francisco. The head, the hair, the eyes, the bearing are strangely suggestive of August Strindberg. There is something Roman and at the same time something mad in this face. On the table under his hand lies a human skull, the symbol of Bierce's great obsession. His talk, one is told by those who knew him, continually ran to graves, graveyards and funerals; he naturally gravitated toward themes like those suggested in the titles of two of his long-forgotten books, "The Dance of Death" and "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," and the stories that survive are peo-

pled with corpses. The graveyard became the natural home of Bierce's imagination. This love of the macabre, this funereal reality, has often visited the American spirit; it is a familiar note from the poems of Poe to the paintings of Albert P. Ryder. In Bierce one feels it quite specifically as the result of an artistic frustration. He had never found himself as a writer, he carried within him the corpse of an unborn poet, he was himself the graveyard which he saw reflected in the outer world.

BUT that is only half an explanation. There is a sadistic element in his tales of horror that cannot be dissociated from the ferocious contempt he always expressed for verse. He was not often as kind to the other sex as in his comment that "when God transplanted brains to an alien soil he left a little of the original earth clinging to the roots." As for the epigrams that compose his "Black Beetles in Amber," they are one long hymn of hate. Bierce had inherited with his Southern blood certain traits of the age of Pope: he sought, as he said, a public of "enlightened souls who prefer dry wines to sweet, sense to sentiment, good English to slang, and wit to humour." An attitude of the eighteenth century! But the spidery Pope would have quailed before this Californian Dunciad. Bierce governed his vocabulary, like the man of intellect he was, but he governed it solely with an eye to effect: he had no mercy. A genial burgess in his walk and conversation, he had murder in his heart, he loathed, and all the more because he had bound himself to it, the atmosphere of pioneer commercialism in which he lived. One can easily trace to that much of the horror, lurking in his soul "like a tangle of snakes under a warm stone," that vented itself in his tales.

BIERCE and his generation, in fact, were hardly on speaking terms. His wonderful book, "In the Midst of Life," was refused by every publishing house in the country and was printed at last only through the kindness of a San Francisco friend. Bierce returned the flattery. In his conciliatory way, he appealed for judgment to "the merry Pikes of the Lower Mississippi littoral and the gambling whale-backers of the Duluth hinterland." Then he remarked that the first qualification of a writer was to have "an ever-present consciousness that this is a world of fools and rogues, blind with superstition, selfish, false, cruel, cursed with illusions, frothing mad."

THERE was one episode of his life, however, one moment in American history upon which he always looked back with luminous affection—the Civil War. It was the life he lived later that filled his mind with horrors; of the horrors of war he remembered next to nothing. His war stories have the beauty and the dignity of Stephen Crane's: they suggest the great artist that Bierce, in other conditions, might have been. It is from one of these that I have jotted down the following sentences:

It was a singularly sharp night, and clear as the heart of a diamond. Clear nights have a trick of being keen. In black dark you may be cold and not know it; when you see, you suffer. This night was beautiful enough to bite like a serpent.

The stories are as vibrant as that from end to end. It is not the style, however, that one remembers; it is the spiritual grace of the attitudes that lingered in Bierce's memory, attitudes of a swift and silent heroism that rose up in his mind amid the disenchantments of the later America he knew, the essential fiasco of his own career. Bierce was not one of those old soldiers who talk war to the world's end; even in his reminiscences, even of the Civil War he says little. But when the time came he acted; at seventy-two, like Tolstoy, in some vague hope of self-redemption, he broke his ties, and his familiar world knew him no more. It was then that he vanished into Mexico. Was there not, in this man who had lost faith in America and in himself, a dim wish to retrieve an experience in which both he and America had felt that they were truly living?

"The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal—Not that I ever read them! No, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper."

SHERIDAN here reminds us of the man who wrote to a correspondent: "I return your insulting letter unread."

Among our readers there are some who object to our views on the railroads, others think we err concerning the nature of the State, while another group finds some remote relation between our spelling and our opinion.

All such protests are a source of gratification, for they prove that the FREEMAN is scrutinized by citizens who do not readily abandon their convictions. We are publishing this paper for the quick, not the dead.

YET we have a conscientious desire to wake the dead and thus request that you inform your dead friends, (the best of us have some on our visiting list), of the easy way to new life that a weekly session with THE FREEMAN affords. We will help by sending a free sample copy.

WE feel no need to explain our existence or to apologize for it: the fact that our subscription list already embraces every State of the Union and is growing so steadily as to exceed our most sanguine hopes, proves that the FREEMAN, like beauty, is its own excuse for being.

But the casual reader deserves an answer to the very natural question, "Why another weekly?" The answer is contained in the editorial, In the Vein of Intimacy, as printed in THE FREEMAN of March 31. This editorial has elicited wide approval and we intend reproducing it for those of our friends who wish to distribute copies.

Briefly, the editors explain that THE FREEMAN is intended to fill the need for a radical weekly. "Its place," they say, "is in the virgin field, or better, the long-neglected and fallow field, of American radicalism; its special constituency, if it ever has any, will be what it can find in that field."

As we read American history, nobody can be a patriot who is not a radical. The participants in the Boston Tea Party were radicals; the man who said, "Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just," was a radical, and the great emancipator was nothing if not radical.

If you agree with us that Radical and American are interchangeable terms, assist us by subscribing for yourself or for a friend. Use the attached form.

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